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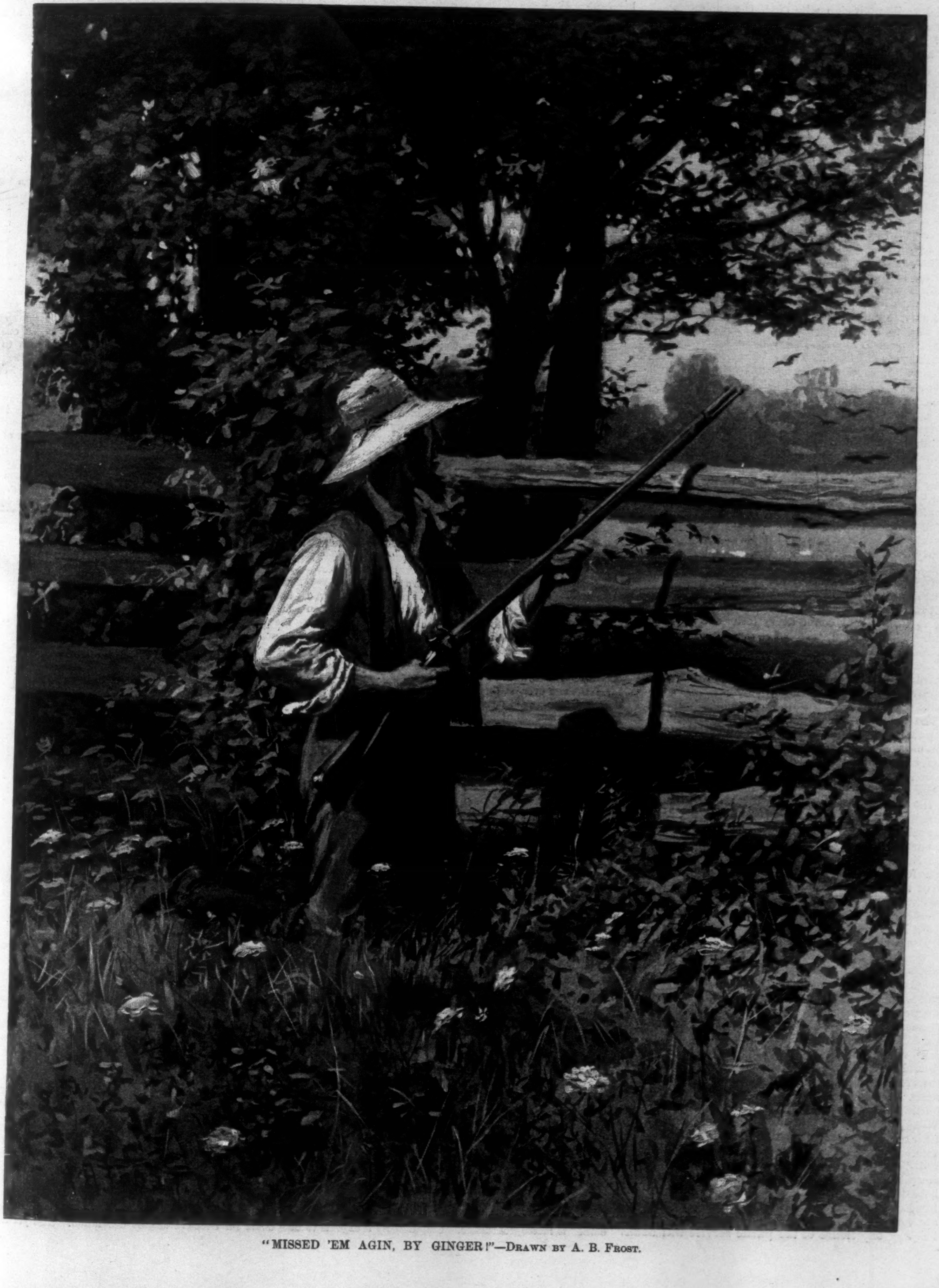

"MISSED 'EM AGIN, BY GINGER!"—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CIVIL SERVICE REFORM, PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

THE spoils politician who since the enactment of the civil service law consoled himself with the belief that the civil service reform movement was only a passing gust of wind, must be seized with a feeling of despondency when he observes the quiet, and perhaps slow, but steady progress the reform is making. The administration of President HARRISON has, indeed, not been a prosperous period for this progress; yet the reformed system has not only held its own, but advanced at least a little. As it is said in Boston that no man of large fortune can die there with decency unless he leaves a respectable bequest for Harvard University, so a President of the United States cannot feel himself prepared to meet the judgment of posterity without having identified his name with some valuable contribution to the deliverance of our political life from the evil and disgrace of spoils politics. And we should think that President HARRISON, when examining the record of his administration in this respect, would, considering the brave promises with which he started out, hardly be contented with his performances. The extension of the civil service rules to a small part of the Indian service and to the employés of the Fish Commission should appear to him too insignificant a forward step to satisfy his ambition. There is, however, still ample time left to him somewhat to retrieve his omissions, and the ninth report of the United States Civil Service Commission clearly points out his opportunities.

After giving an account of their doings and of the working of the reformed system, the commissioners emphatically declare that "the classified service should be extended as rapidly as possible to cover every position in the public service to which it can appropriately be applied." They mention especially the clerks and writers in the navy-yards, almost the entire body of officials in the District of Columbia, the internal revenue service, the custom-houses with twenty-five employés, and all the free-delivery post-offices. It is a noteworthy fact that the National Letter-Carriers' Association has been circulating a petition in all parts of the country, asking the President of the United States to extend the civil service law so that it may cover every letter-carrier in the land. This petition, which has received over fifty thousand signatures from citizens of every creed, political party, or station in life, will soon be presented to President HARRISON, with the outspoken approval of the Civil Service Commission, and, we doubt not, of every fair-minded person.

The letter-carriers are among the hardest-worked public servants in the country. Their duties are of a most exacting, it may be said without exaggeration, of a pitiless kind. It is justly due to public servants of this class that their tenure should be put under the protection of the law instead of being left at the mercy of some local party boss, who at any time may demand the place of a man who for years has faithfully toiled in public employment, to reward or encourage one of his "heelers." The petition of the National Letter-Carriers' Association appeals, therefore, not only to the judgment of those who have the interests of the service at heart, but to the national sense of justice, and we earnestly hope that President HARRISON will not hesitate a moment to grant it.

The commission further recommends that the civil service rules be so changed as greatly to reduce the number of "excepted places," and of places subject to non-competitive examinations. The excepted places are mostly those of a so-called confidential character, and those whose occupants have some financial responsibility, and are therefore put under bond. But the commission shows clearly that there is no valid reason why men for most of such places should not be chosen from among those who have received the highest ratings at competitive examinations. It also argues with great force in favor of putting the chiefs of division in the departments at Washington under the general rule, and of regulating their appointment by promotion from within the service. Indeed, it is hard to understand why this was not done long ago. That the most important and desirable clerical places in the departments should be filled by favor, while the subordinate places are filled on the ground of ascertained merit, is an anomaly verging on the absurd, and no candid man who has any experience of the public service will admit any excuse of it. The fact is that almost all the excepted places are little preserves which the spoils politicians have managed to keep apart for their special delectation; but it is time that these incongruities should be done away with.

Thus have the United States Civil Service Commissioners, the President's official advisers on this subject, laid before him a programme of reformatory measures which they, as experts, pronounce practicable, as well as highly beneficial to the public interest. It is difficult to see how President HARRISON, as a man of honor, can refuse or omit to carry out this programme in the face of his own and his party's solemn pledge to extend the civil service rules to *every* grade of the service to which it may be applicable. He need certainly not fear that any restriction of the area of patronage effected during the closing days of his administration will be taken as an act of discourtesy by his successor in office. We are persuaded Mr. CLEVELAND will be among the first heartily to welcome and applaud such steps in the right direction. There are, no doubt, still a good many politicians of high standing in the Democratic party who have not yet learned, however clear and impressive the lessons of experience may have been, that the patronage is not a blessing, but an unmitigated curse, to administrations, political parties, and public men. Mr. CLEVELAND certainly knows it; he may be expected to act in accordance with this knowledge, and his predecessor can give him no better proof of kindly feeling than by doing things which, if they are not done now, he would have to do himself.

AN UNINTELLIGENT MACHINE.

IT is thoroughly understood that Mr. CLEVELAND is opposed to the election of Mr. MURPHY as United States Senator. It did not require the frequent reports of his declarations to that effect to give the country the assurance that the elevation of such a man as MURPHY to the Senatorship would be most distasteful to him. It is in the very nature of the situation and in the essential characters of the two men that this should be true. Mr. MURPHY is not only unfit to be Senator, but he has been always and persistently the enemy of the President-elect. He not only joined with the rest of the delegation elected at the 22d of February Convention in predicting that Mr. CLEVELAND could not carry what was then regarded as the essential State of New York, but he was the only prominent Democrat in New York who declined to say, in answer to the direct question, that he would personally support Mr. CLEVELAND if he were nominated by the Democratic National Convention. It is true that his friends now assert that he rendered loyal and efficient support during the campaign. There is, however, abundance of evidence that Mr. MURPHY's mind towards Mr. CLEVELAND was steadfast, and that he was among a number of others who were disappointed in the result in the achievement of which they now pretend to have assisted.

Under the circumstances, the selection of such a man, even if he were qualified for the honorable post, is a continuation of the war which Senator HILL has carried on against Mr. CLEVELAND for his own political aggrandizement. There are other Democrats, members of the party in good standing, men of ability and reputation, who might properly be chosen, and who would be, what neither Mr. MURPHY nor Mr. HILL can ever be, thoroughly in accord with the President, and a means of communication between him and the Senators in matters of joint executive business. To refuse to select a man who is recognized as one of Mr. CLEVELAND's tried and valued friends is a denial by the "machine" of the commonest courtesy of party loyalty to the man who has been declared the party chief.

As President, Mr. CLEVELAND is not charged with the duty of interfering with the selection of a United States Senator, but, from the point of view of Democratic partisans, he is the leader of their organization. They chose him from their number, and all men who claim to be loyal and thorough Democrats are now charged, under their own code of political ethics, with the duty of sustaining the Democratic administration. No matter whether they favored or opposed Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination, they cannot be loyal to their party unless they exert every power to make that party's administration a success, and anything less than this, especially the election of a hostile Senator from the President's own State, will add credibility to the charge that when the "machine" was not treacherous during the campaign, it was lukewarm.

Not only will the election of Mr. MURPHY to the Senate be an act of almost unprecedented party treachery and perfidy, but of gross stupidity. It is pretty generally known now that Mr. CLEVELAND made no promises to the "machine," either that of the State or that of the city of New York, which involved anything like an exclusive recognition of it. No one who understands Mr. CLEVELAND ever believed that he would turn his back on men for the reason that they had been his friends before his nomination. Mr. CLEVELAND is not a mere distributer of patronage, but he will necessarily have a great many appointments to make, and it is not to be supposed that, in making his selections in the State of New York, he will be such an ingrate as to overlook his friends in response to the demand of those who have been his enemies, nor that he will so disregard the interests of the civil service as to appoint only "machine" men. This he could not be expected to do if the "machine" were loyal.

Judging it by its own standard, the attitude of the "machine" is incomprehensible. Undoubtedly it expects to be "recognized"; in other words, it expects that its recommendations for Post-office, internal revenue, Custom-house, and other appointments will be respectfully considered. How is it setting out to have this expectation realized? By disregarding the expressed wishes of the President in respect of the Senatorship, in electing from the President's own State, immediately after his own election, as Senator a man who for years has been the active and bitter enemy of himself and his friends. It is perfectly clear, if this course is persisted in by the "machine," that it does not expect to compass its desires through the President's friendship for it. It is willing to cast that to the winds. It proposes to do that which will inevitably lead to a separation between itself and the administration. This means a good deal more than appears on the surface. In insisting on this separation, the "machine" declares its purpose to continue a course of party management which the President-elect must regard as threatening the ascendancy of the principles which he has championed, and on which he has triumphed; so that there must be an open breach, for the President certainly cannot even seem to be on friendly terms with men who, in his opinion, are doing their best to destroy his party, or, at all events, to degrade it from one of principle to one of spoils.

If the "machine" hopes to be able to compel the President to give it the Federal patronage of the State through a Senatorial cabal against him, it will find itself most woefully disappointed, for in such a contest the President must inevitably win. On its own low plane of politics, the Democratic "machine" of this State is showing itself lacking not only in wisdom, but in ordinary intelligence. It is destroying its own prospects of success in its mean hunt for patronage.

ART AND THE GOVERNMENT.

E PLURIBVS UNUM

THERE is a disposition on the part of the Federal government, and, indeed, on the parts of State and municipal governments as well, to hold art in the same commercial esteem as one of the staple products to be bought and sold on the public exchanges. The Federal government has erected a great many buildings, even away from the national capital, as there is a post-office in each of the cities of the first, second, and third rank. Such buildings are usually costly structures, and intended to be imposing. But if there be a single building belonging to the United States that is not commonplace and inartistic in design, we have not yet heard of it. Even in Washington itself the public buildings are as ugly as can be, and only one, the Capitol, is imposing, and that is so on account of its mass, and not because of its design. Where the ugly and the commonplace should be the rule, it would seem to indicate that there had been an effort to secure just such designs. But that was not the case. There has been no prejudice against beauty and appropriateness, but merely ignorance as to how they could be secured. Paintings are often sold by auction, and houses are disposed of in the same way. But neither real artists nor real architects can be put on the auctioneer's block. Their services are not for sale in that way any more than the services of eminent lawyers and surgeons are. When the government needs a lawyer to argue a case, advertisements are not sent out and invitations extended to attorneys to submit briefs and name fees so that the arguments of the lowest bidder may be selected as those to be used by the government in its contention. Had such been the method of securing legal advice and service, how would the United States have fared in the Geneva arbitration about the depredations of the *Alabama?* Instead of having the government represented by great lawyers of learning and experience, our case would have been argued by tuppenny pettifoggers more at home in a police court than before an international commission. But it is in exactly similar ways that the government selects its architects, painters, and sculptors. All professions have their commercial sides, but art is no more commercial than any other. When our legislatures, State and national, recognize this, a distinct advance will have been made—an advance in keeping with the progress of the people in æsthetics.

When the managers of the World's Fair went to work to develop plans for the great undertaking, the architects to erect the various buildings were chosen with a wisdom as gratifying as it was unexpected. The result is that the fair of next year will be housed as a fair never was housed before. The same wisdom that was shown in selecting the architects was again shown in choosing the artists who should decorate and ornament the buildings and grounds. These gifted men—the ablest we have—were selected each on account of his special fitness to do that for which he was selected. Few if any of them could have been obtained in the old way of asking architects and artists to submit designs in competition. That, instead of being the best way to secure good results, is the very worst way. But it has been found that in the completion of the building for the United States government at the fair the law requires that the decoration of the dome must be awarded by contract to the lowest bidder. Mr. MILLET has said that no better opportunity at the fair was afforded than this dome for effective artistic decoration. And yet this work may have to be given out in such a way that it will be secured by some artisan rather than by a competent artist.

About a year ago designs were needed for the new silver coinage. Advice was taken, and Mr. St. Gaudens told the Treasury authorities that there were three or four men in America competent to make worthy designs, and that there was a much larger number in France. He also told the officials that a competent designer could not be secured by the old method of competition. But the law and the precedents were too much, and designs were advertised for. The result we have seen in the new coins. In an artistic sense they are beneath contempt. And just now there is a case pending in New York. Mr. Hartley was invited shortly after the death of Ericsson to make a model for a statue of the great inventor to be erected in Central Park. Mr. Hartley has done his work, but it is now found that the law requires before the contract for the statue can be given to him that it must be awarded by open competition. Legislative or Aldermanic abrogation of this rule will in this instance probably be secured, otherwise we might expect to see in Central Park another statue by some bungling charlatan further defacing the most artistic pleasure-ground in the country.

Each government—national, State, and municipal—should have an art commission to decide who should design and decorate public buildings, what statues and monuments should be erected, and what paintings bought. Then we should probably secure public buildings worthy of public ownership, and we should not have our parks and other public places defaced by malformed images which, intended as grateful memorials, will seem to posterity as only ridiculous. New York and Washington are both rich in such poor things. And if a commission of competent men pass upon the merits of paintings to be hung in our public buildings, the guides who take visitors about will have something else to point out in the works of art than that a woman in a picture should have two thumbs on one hand, and that another figure in a historical group should have been supplied by an over-lavish artist with three hands. There is a bill now before the Senate—it passed the House last summer—which gives the Secretary of the Treasury discretion in obtaining plans for public buildings. This bill does not prescribe the best method, but the method is so much better than the old one that it is to be hoped that it will be passed by the Senate without delay.

THE "HELP" PROBLEM.

FOR a good many years the echoes of our beloved country have returned the lamentable cry of the American matron announcing her desperate need of good and faithful servants, and her wretched predicament because they are not. In all lands and climes and generations that cry has been raised more or less, and doubtless always will be, since it is founded on the incorrigible mundane discrepancy between what people want and what they are able to get. In this country, of late years, it has been an exceptionally vigorous wail, and just at present, for various good reasons, the echoes are fairly clogged with it. It has come to the ears of Mr. Kipling, who writes home to his friends that the American woman is worn out, and that the reason of it is "the thing called 'help' which is no help." "In the multitude of presents," says Mr. Kipling, "that the American man has given to the American woman, he has forgotten to give her good servants." He finds a good deal of fault with the American man for making such an omission, and particularly for shutting off the supply of Chinese. Other newspaper correspondents treat the subject in various ways. One, writing from New York, attributes the local dearth to the enormous increase of small houses in Gotham's vicinity; to the fact that "everybody now who can possibly manage it keeps house"; to the recent check of immigration; and to the prospect of high wages at Chicago during the fair.

Another metropolitan writer seems to draw a different conclusion, since he notes the development of a strong tendency among well-to-do New-Yorkers to give up housekeeping and live in private hotels. The reason he suggests is that the contemporary standard of wages for house service is so high, and the average of efficiency so low, that life in a hotel is less troublesome and less expensive than the sort of housekeeping that such people want. The disparity in the statements of these last two writers is more apparent than real, since it is true that increasing numbers of New-Yorkers of limited means find it expedient to live out of town, and increasing numbers of New-Yorkers of ample means find it expedient to live in hotels. People who have to study economy have to save in rent in order to swell their wages fund, and people who don't have to economize so closely are glad to be rid of the administration of the wages fund altogether.

On some accounts it is creditable to this country and a good sign that good servants are scarce and dear. The great demand for them is a sign of the material prosperity which enables families that used to do their own house-work to employ servants to do it for them. The limited supply indicates an abundance of other occupations that possible servants prefer to domestic service. The very inefficiency of a large proportion of such servants as are procurable is largely due to the abundant opportunities of American life, which make it possible for valuable servants to train their children up to employments which are, or seem to be, more desirable than domestic service. The countries where servants are cheap, abundant, industrious, and respectful are those which are more crowded than ours, and where the population has become so thoroughly classified that the traditions and training of each class are transmitted to its successors. The countries in which domestic service seems most satisfactory to the employing class are those in which families find employment in domestic service for successive generations, and are content to make that their business, and take pride and find profit in doing it efficiently. The opportunities in such countries are more limited than in ours. It is the pride of American democracy that the citizens of the republic are not rigidly classified, and that progress up and down the social scale is unhindered by artificial barriers.

Masters and mistresses as well as servants need training in this country. Americans have been known as the most self-helpful race on the face of the globe, and there are great numbers of them who do not know how to accommodate themselves to the more luxurious standard of living which increased incomes put within their means. Men and women who have been brought up to wait upon themselves find it hard to learn to be waited upon by others. They do not exact the services that well-trained foreign servants are used to render. Consequently English servants who have lived in American families cannot get places again at home, because it is felt that they must have been spoiled by "lax American methods." It is hard for an American gentleman who has been well brought up to sit still while a small maid brings in a heavy bucket of coal; it is hard for him to learn to have his clothes brushed and his trunk packed, and all the small things done for him which ever since he got out of long-clothes he has been used to do for himself. But he will learn presently, and when he does he will be better served than he is now. And doubtless with an improved capacity for being waited on himself will come an increased appreciation of his wife's ability in the same direction, and a serious and systematic effort to provide her with the sort of servants which Mr. Kipling thinks he owes her.

Nevertheless, the ideal American servant of the future will not be modelled on the same lines as the ideal English servant of the past. If he is a man, he will be a voter, and will include in his make-up some of the characteristics of the primitive American hired man. If she is a woman, she will be less submissive than her British prototype, and more of an individual and less of a mere household appurtenance. Man or woman, the American servant of the future will be better paid than the English servant of the past, but it will be pay given for definite valuable services intelligently rendered, and not for indefinite services so shiftlessly done as to be of doubtful value. The domestic service problem will work itself out in this country after a while, when the country has settled a little more, and the floating population has begun to find its level. Meanwhile house-work gets done somehow, and though there is a perceptible creaking of American household machinery, there must be something over fifty-nine million people out of our sixty millions who find this the most comfortable country to dwell in on earth. The interests of the first importance in the United States are the interests of the people who do the work. Such habits of life and such methods of housekeeping as may best promote those interests are the habits and methods that all good Americans should hope to see prevail.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

NOT many weeks ago the Weekly took occasion to comment approvingly on a healthful fashion that is slowly growing up, the fashion of those who are fortunate enough to own country houses, of remaining in the country until the holidays. The idle rich who are not bookish, who have no mania for making collections, who do not go in for politics, who hire some one to count their interest for them and to keep their principal intact, are much better off in the country, where they can shoot, drive, ride, and feel the touch of nature, than they are in the city, where the men are too fond of the club lounging-room and its various temptations, and the women are too prone to teacups and gossip.

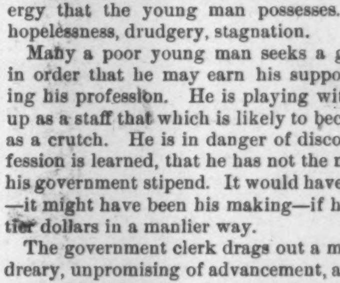
Now that the holidays are approaching, we have another evidence of the growing fashionable appreciation of country houses and rural pleasures. In the interesting society gossip of daily and weekly newspapers we are informed that many of the most fashionable of our smartest set are making up house parties for the Christmas holidays, which are to be celebrated at their country homes.

This is a most excellent custom, and the more general its observance the better for the people who practise it. There can be no real Christmas in the city. A dinner party in a luxurious house heated with steam, or hot water, or hot air, with the unnecessary and often stifling addition of a simulated or real fire in an open fireplace, does not recall the traditions of this most beautiful of Christian feasts. It is true that Mr. Thackeray wrote some pleasant papers about boxing night and the pantomimes of the London theatres, but when he felt that his pen was forced to spend the holidays in the metropolis, he gave it the comradeship of hearty boys, and thus brought nature as near as possible to his beloved pavements.

The people who go to the country for the Christmas holidays will have such pleasures that the citizens who are compelled to remain at home may well envy them. First, there are the country houses, so much more spacious, with so many more small and retired nooks, so much more liberal and hospitable, with so many more opportunities for the strict privacy that some members of every house party are almost always sure to desire. Then there are the out-of-door exercises from frosty morn till the red winter sunset makes a background for the brown hills and the black tree trunks and branches, the skating, the driving, the riding, the splendidly invigorating walks, and finally the more intimate acquaintance with nature that is acquired, sensibly by some, insensibly by the most unobserving. No one surely loves the country who does not love it in winter.

Those who are fortunate to be of the country-house parties during the coming holidays will come back to their ordinary duties with more zest for work, and to their ordinary pleasures with a stronger liking for what is best among them.

SOME ADVICE TO OFFICE-SEEKERS.



MR. CLEVELAND'S protest against the immodest and untimely clamor of office-seekers must have been a revelation to a large majority of his fellow-citizens. To learn that his house was besieged by persons in search of an office as soon as his election was announced, must have genuinely surprised most of the people who read his indignant warning words.

No one who has not summered and wintered at Washington, who has not been in at the beginning of an administration, can possibly realize the terrible hunger for office that afflicts many of our fellow-countrymen. Any one can understand why a man should be glad to have conferred upon him a great office of honor and power, not in answer to his request for it, but in recognition of his ability and character. It is comprehensible, too, that a man can properly ask for an office whose duties are congenial and worthy.

But why the great rush for small, even petty public employments? The truth is that most of the applicants are after easy berths at the public expense. They are looking for the largest possible income for the smallest possible service, and they demand the supposed easy life of a public functionary as a reward for their own or their friends' political activity.

Many of these anxious seekers for public place are making the saddest mistake of their lives. To all young men who contemplate a journey to Washington for the purpose of securing employment, the best advice is, don't. The humblest situation in a mercantile house, where the pecuniary reward is small, where the hours are long, and where the labor is hard, is better in the end than a government clerkship. One way lie opportunities for advancement, for the utilization and final reward of every talent and all the energy that the young man possesses. The other way lie hopelessness, drudgery, stagnation.

Many a poor young man seeks a government clerkship in order that he may earn his support while he is studying his profession. He is playing with fire. He is taking up as a staff that which is likely to become necessary to him as a crutch. He is in danger of discovering, when his profession is learned, that he has not the moral courage to drop his government stipend. It would have been infinitely better—it might have been his making—if he had toiled for scantier dollars in a manlier way.

The government clerk drags out a monotonous existence, dreary, unpromising of advancement, and if he is not turned out in his old age, to linger on through his few remaining years in poverty, he is one of the most fortunate of his kind.

There is no service that so destroys the latent energies and kills the hope as that of a government clerk. Young men who think they have the elements of success in them should avoid it as they would the plague.

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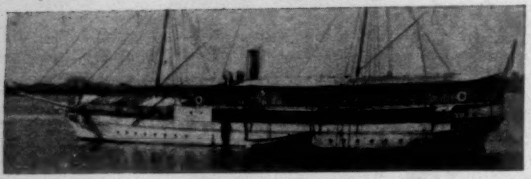
THE SULTAN'S DINING-ROOM.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.



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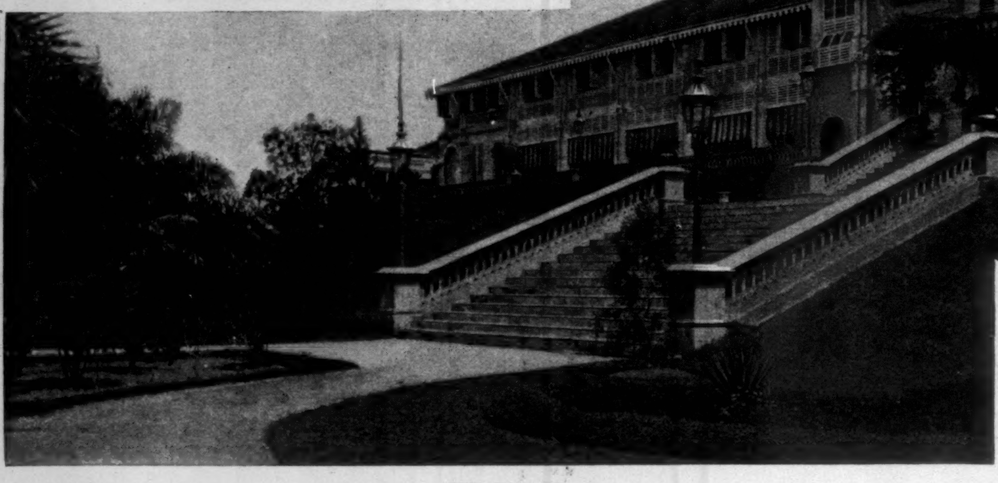
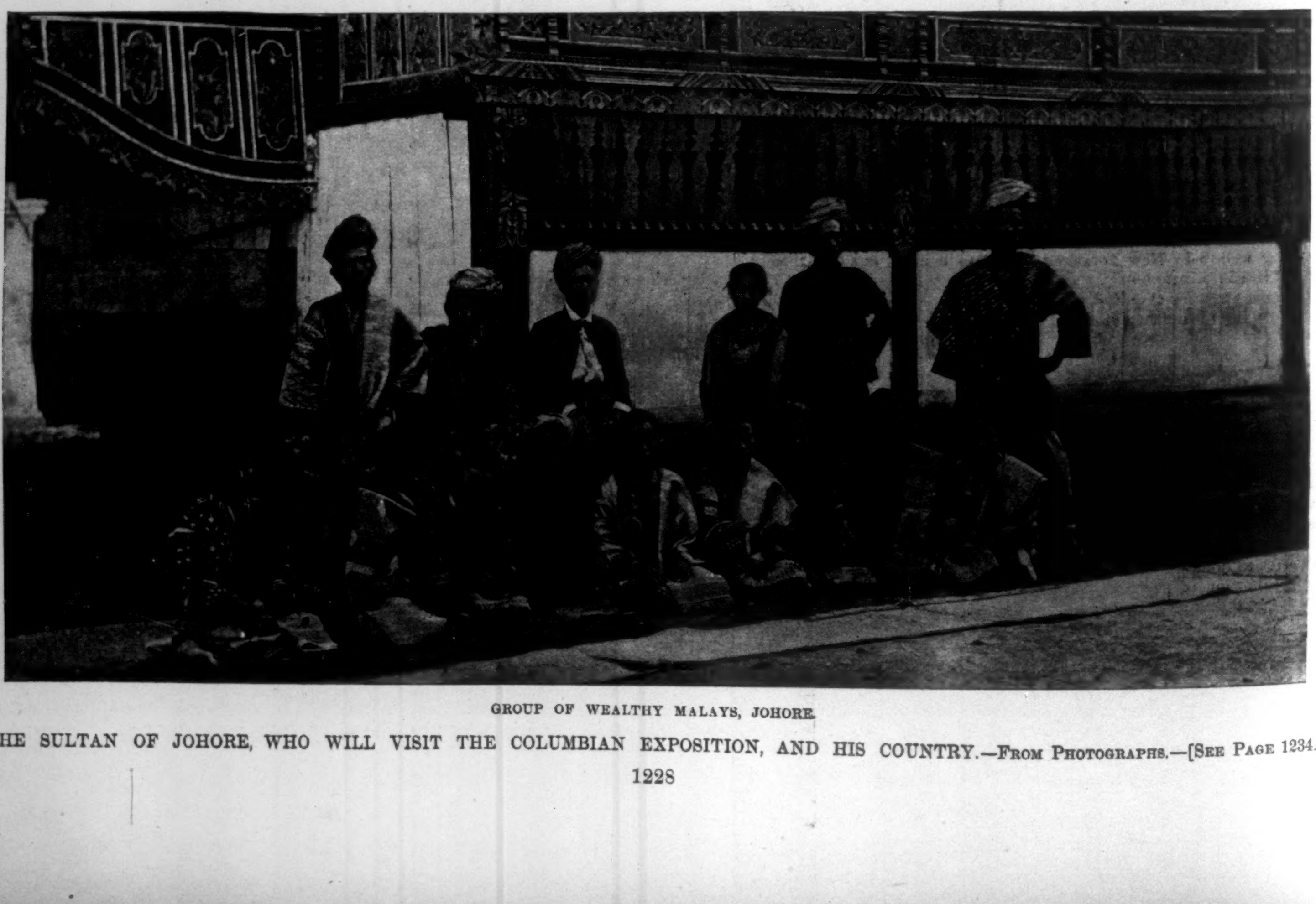


THE PALACE.

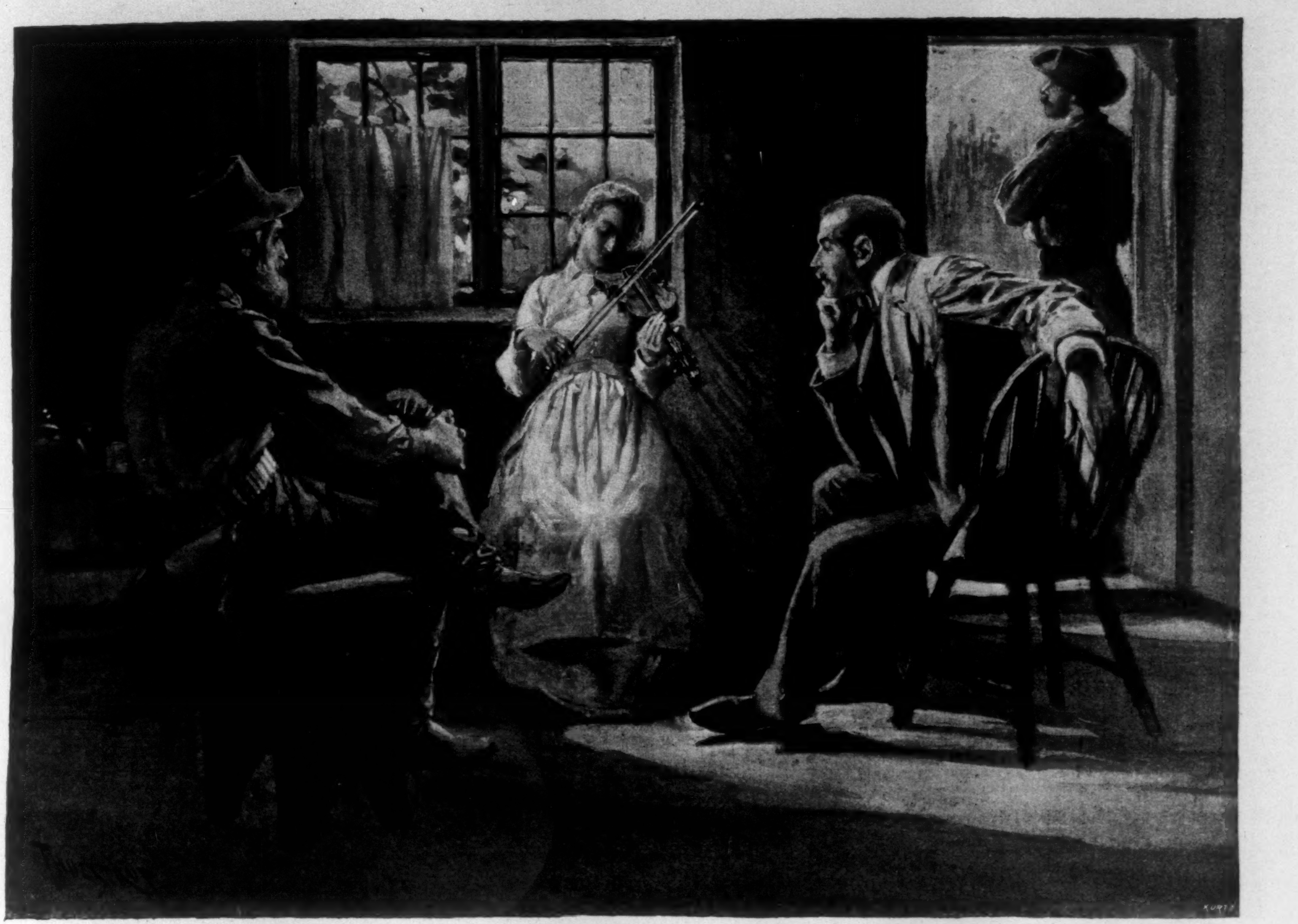
CAMPONG, A MALAY VILLAGE ON THE STRAIT OF MALACCA.

MALAY DANCING-GIRL.



GROUP OF WEALTHY MALAYS, JOHORE.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE, WHO WILL VISIT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, AND HIS COUNTRY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1234.]



THE DESPERADO.

BY RHODES MACKNIGHT.

IT was just before the coming of the train from the east, and the station agent was busy gathering his express packages into a little pile at the forward end of the platform. They did not amount to much even when accumulated; and of baggage there was none, for this Montana town was peopled with those who travel, if at all, upon the backs of broncos, with their whole worldly possessions in a bag strapped to the saddle. The station was nearly deserted. Sitting on some barrels at one side were a handful of loungers, and the stage-driver stood by his team at the edge of the platform; but no others were there, and these as if by accident merely.

Across the way, at the doors of the line of saloons and gambling-houses which marked the only thoroughfare, there was a certain degree of movement. Big Peter had that morning beaded his man, and there was a little discussion over it, and over Peter's somewhat frantic celebration of the event; so it might be said there was life. The tinkling of glasses, too, and the death-rattle of gambling-chips added a little to the disturbance of the quiet air, but all else was still to deadliness in the golden September sunshine. To the east, to the north, and to the south the yellow prairie stretched away without end, and in the west rose the foot-hills of the giant Rockies, whose snow-crests gleamed white in the far-distant heavens.

But suddenly in the drowsy stillness the crack of a revolver came clear on the air from the saloons opposite. Immediately there was another report, and then another.

The stage-driver started, and took an involuntary step forward, then stopped, with a curious blaze playing in his eyes. He waited, alert and with dilated nostrils.

Notwithstanding the shots, and the certainty of their meaning in this frontier town, there was but little commotion on the other side of the way. A few of the loungers moved slowly along toward the saloon whence the cracks came and looked in; one or two entered. But there was no excitement. The small crowd collected merely designated the place.

Presently a little old man came hurriedly out and crossed the dusty road. He was making straight for the stage, and his face was red and serious.

"Say, was you in it, Diggsy?" the driver called out to him.

"I was, thank heavens!" cried the little man. "But not 's much 's I wisht I was. You a-comin', Morg? You in the deal?"

"Not ef you wasn't in et enough, Diggsy."

"Not a-comin'! Morg, et's ez smooth er scrap ez y'ever see! Say, we *cayn't* be outen et!"

"I guess we'll be outen et," replied Morg, looking into the distance. "You take my advice, Diggsy, an' keep yer ole crinkly hide hull. Who was et?"

The old man was disgusted. "It war Big Pete," he answered, sorrowfully. "He's boilin'. Henny fust whepsawed him on th' juce an' queen, an' when he coppered th' ace an' lose agin, he jess let Henny have et. Plumb through th' gizzard. Say, *ain't* you a-comin', Morg?"

"No, I ain't," answered Morg, his eyes placid again. "Henny kin do him hisself when he gits out agin. An' you better let thet red-eye-an'-gum alone, ole man."

Diggs glanced reproachfully and appealingly; but just then the shrill whistle of the train sounded out on the prairie. He turned and looked down the track. Then he said: "Say, it's er 'tarnal shame thet fella's comin' in on twenty-seven, ain't et? Jess when we was in fer er little fun! Dinged ef I ain't minded t' let him rip." With sudden inspiration he added: "Say, ef I let him rip, 'll ye come over t' Henny's?"

"No Henny's, I tell ye. Now thet's straight."

Diggs sighed, glanced wistfully across the way again, then giving over for the present a meeting with Big Pete, moved along the platform.

In a cloud of escaping steam the train came up; and before it was fairly at a standstill a young man clad in tweeds dropped from the steps of the Pullman. He was a well-looking muscular young fellow, perhaps thirty, and his face was browned with prairie wind and sun. Diggs addressed him, and found that he was the man he was looking for.

This young man, Crosby by name, was come to shoot grizzlies, it transpired. Diggs had been recommended to him as a competent guide and companion by a man in Helena; and to Diggs he had come, intending to spend a month or so. They arranged matters very soon on the platform; then they made their way to the stage.

There was nothing but the mail to be looked after, and so very soon the vehicle, which was merely a condemned army ambulance, was making its creaking passage through the one thoroughfare, and up the gentle rise which marked the beginning of the foot-hills. The three men sat abreast, talking in intermittent fashion of the single topic of common interest in the plains country—horses.

As if to make the subject thoroughly interesting, one of the leaders, a colt, began some antics looking toward a diversion out of the ordinary. It seemed determined to make trouble; and its companion in the lead seemed not averse to an arrangement. They started in by breaking to a faster pace than there was any occasion for; and soon all four horses were on the run.

To the three men it was exhilarating. With the rare dry air coming against their faces with tangible stiffness, with the erratic swing and jar and bump of the old ambulance, with the swiftly passing fields of grass on either hand, it was equivalent to being run away with. To Diggs especially there was something consolatory in the rapid flight after his recent disappointment; his blood had new life, and his little eyes were brilliant.

"Touch 'em up, Morg!" he cried. "Let 'em hev all they want of it! Let the pesky critters hev it, Morg!"

Before long, however, the pace began to look serious. They had come to a long stretch of level but villanous road, and against the big bowlders the dilapidated wheels bumped with ominous crashes. The leaders had now taken the bits, and led the way to a mad and headlong career.

"I guess ye might let up on 'em a bit now, Morg," remarked Diggs, presently. Then, between jolts, he added, "Ye've learned—'em—er—trick—an' thar—ain't—no sense—er rubbin' et in!"

Shown the way by the frisky colt, the other horses had taken pleasantly to the deviltry. Only now beginning to realize that they really had their heads, they got into a veritable fright, and each bound forward increased it. Suddenly the end came in a crash.

It was never exactly clear how it happened; but the colt must have stumbled, for it fell, and dragged the other leader down too, and instantly the two wheelers were on top of them. The stage, brought into sharp contact with the little pyramid of horseflesh, toppled over, and the three men were projected violently in three several directions. It took ten seconds only, but the wreck was complete.

Diggs was the first to find himself. A hurried and not unpractised feeling of his ribs assured him that he was not much hurt. In a moment he had made his way to the cloud of dust amidst which lay the struggling horses and the remains of the stage. While gazing stupidly, Morg limped up. The driver contemplated the ruin in silence for a moment, then muttering something beneath his breath, started upon the work of extrication. Diggs looked around for Crosby. In the crash, the thought as to the young man's whereabouts just occurred to him. He walked up and down the road, and when he found him insensible a dozen yards away, he whistled thoughtfully.

At the end of a half-hour Morg had, as he said, got things outen the hash they was in. The horses had escaped without serious injury, but the stage was kindling-wood. It was arranged that Crosby, still unconscious, should be carried horseback to Morg's shanty, which was nearer than Diggs's. This was the suggestion of the old man, and while Morg seemed to be curiously unwilling, it was finally agreed to.

The sun was just going down behind the mountains when the little procession halted before the shanty. And as it came up, a young woman rushed frantically from the door to meet them, her cheeks going from red to white, and from white back again to red.

"Et's nothin', Kit," cried Morg, quickly. "On'y er friend er Diggsy's w'at's come fer b'ar. We'd er smash down th' road, an' he's jess knocked silly. He's all right 'n er minute."

It would have been interesting for a by-stander other than Diggs to have noted what a change there was in the man's voice when he spoke to the young woman, and what a new expression of tenderness had come into the eyes.

Crosby was carried into a back room and laid upon a bed. Then the young woman got a basin of cold water and bathed his head. There was no wound; he was merely stunned. Diggs contributed a flask. In a few minutes there were signs of recovered consciousness; he shivered and coughed. Then he opened his eyes, gazed in surprise at the faces before him, and turned to look about the room.

"Where am I?" he asked. And there was not so much amazement in his tone as there was pure curiosity.

"Well, now, looky, ole sport," replied Diggs, with excruciating cheerfulness, "yer jess whar yer'd wanter be ef yer knowed." Considering the happy turn of the case, he added, with clumsy jocosity: "An' ef ye'd a-ast that paralyzin' inkry jess er moment ergo, we w'u'dn't er feel called upon t' answer—bein' p'lite like—see? Fer we wasn't sure but w'at ye'd cashed in. An' t' tell er man whar he'd be under *sich* succumstances is er paralyzin' delicate business—*not* knowin' to er dazzlin' suttinty—see?"

Crosby looked perplexed, then exclaimed: "Oh yes, I remember! A ripping ride—wasn't it? I guess I'm all right, though. I—" He paused abruptly. His eyes had come upon the young woman gazing compassionately at him, and after a moment's contemplation he flushed through his tan.

The seemliness of presentation did not, apparently, occur to Morg. He interposed quickly, and a little gruffly: "Oh, yer all right, young man. Jess shook up a bit. T'-morrer yer'll be laughin' 'bout et. Mebbe, though" (and there was a little hesitancy), "ye'd better stay along fer supper, an' ye kin go up t' Diggsy's arter'ards. It's er couple er mile up th' road yit. I'm goin' up t' Macondy with the mail to-night, an' I'll go up er ways along."

It may have been the unheroic putting to bed for a scratch, and the letting a woman see it, that brought the flush, for the young man rolled to his feet, rather ashamed.

"Of course I'm all right!" he cried. "Never felt better in my life! You're very kind about the supper. I think we'll stay. Thanks."

"Suttinly," replied Diggs, throwing aside his hat forthwith, and rubbing his horny hands.

It was at supper, in the flood of a lamp, that the young woman struck Crosby as very pretty. She was also very young, and innocent, and natural. It was with not the slightest intention of discourtesy that he eyed her rather attentively.

Diggs, too, gazed steadfastly, and none the less Morg. Once when the three pairs of eyes were fixed upon her, the girl, busy pouring coffee, chanced to look at Diggs in handing him his cup. Catching the gaze, she colored slightly and looked away; but, as it happened, she looked from him to Crosby. Again she colored, more vividly, and turned to Morg. When she saw that he too was contemplating her, she grew bright pink to the roots of her hair, dropped her eyes to her plate, and kept them there thenceforth.

Some time after the men had gone into the outer room with their pipes, where they sat with no light save that of a full moon streaming in at a window, Morg turned suddenly to Crosby and asked, "Fond of moosic?" Without waiting for a reply, he then called out, "Kitty, a little er that moosic, please!"

The young woman came in, and without a word took from the wall a violin. Unconsciously, perhaps, she moved her chair close to the window, where the moonbeams shone upon her radiant hair and white gown, and began a simple melody. It was not much; then, again, it was.

Presently Morg, who was seated nearest her, arose softly, almost awedly, and went out upon the doorstep. He cast his eyes, which shone curiously, to the west, where range on range of mountain lay, dominated by the supreme snowy line cutting the high heavens. The cool air blowing into his face seemed to give him comfort, and here he remained until the melody from within died plaintively.

When he re-entered, the girl was standing by the window, her gown stamped with shadow traceries from some vines outside. Crosby, seated near her, was bending forward, his face lively with emotion.

"That 'll do, Kitty," Morg murmured gently. "It's the beautifulest I ever hear. An' now we're a-goin', Kitty."

Oblivious of the presence of others, he bent and kissed her. Then straightening, he turned and cried, "Boys, we're off."

The road lay white in the rays of the full moon; the silence of the perfect night was broken only by the tramp of the three pairs of feet. For a long while they went along at a swinging pace, each occupied with his own thoughts. And not a word was spoken until they came to a path leading off from the road.

"Thar's my dugout," said Diggs, pointing to a low heap to one side. "Thar's whar we'll make headquarters."

Morg had stopped with them, but now he waved a hand in silent leave-taking.

"Well, so long, Morg."

Diggs and Crosby stood alone, watching the black figure hurrying up the road, its outline curiously distorted by the shouldered mail-bag.

"Er—who was she?" asked the young man.

Diggs eyed him curiously in the flooding light before replying. "Her? Thet war Kitty."

"Kitty?"

"Mrs. Morg."

"Wife? H'm—you don't say!"

They were now walking slowly up the path in the long grass.

"An' w'en she married him she spiled er good 'un," volunteered the old man, feelingly. "Thet boy, sir, growed up right anunder my own eyes, so I knows w'at I'm jawin' 'bout. He war one er th' most promisin' lads y'ever see. Fight! W'y, he's a borned fighter! th' w'itest, squarest fella y'ever pull er gun onto by mistake! W'y, w'en thet boy warn't shoulder-high t' er yearlin', he clean out er hull town up on the N. P. Thet's w'en th' end er th' line war at Keogh. An' he didn't hev no help. Not a mite. He jess wint inter th' thing fer knock-down love of 't. An' he clean out th' hull town," he repeated, impressively. "Here's th' door. We might 's well go in. Ye won't find et much fer style."

They entered, and the old man lighted a lantern.

"And when did he marry—er--Kitty?" asked Crosby.

"Huh? 'Bout two year ago. An' sence, he ain't wuth th' powder t' blow him up. He w'u'dn't pull a gun now 'f somebody war t' sass him t' his face. *He don't carry no gun!* Did y' ever hear th' like? An' he don't take no licker no more. Thet's straight. Kitty hev *done* him sure. An' thet's more'n any *man* kin say."

"Then he used to be a terror, eh?" inquired Crosby, ruminantly.

"Terror? Ole sport, he war a tarrier—a reg'lar paralyzer! Thar warn't er moment day nor night but w'at he war chuck up ter th' chin with licker. An' thar warn't day nor night nuther but w'at he hed business on hand. Anybody look at him—biff! bang!—'nother six-shooter 'n' saddle in th' market. Ef 'twar a stranger, he'd bang him jess t' learn him better manners. Oh, them war beautiful days! An' Morg war th' jim-dandy 'f 'em all. But now— Say, et's jess turrible t' see th' wreck er gal 'll make er a man—ain't it? Jess 's soon 's Morg took up with Kitty, thet war th' end on him. An' I tole him so; an' I didn't git no thanks. But 'twarn't bad enough fer thim t' go 'n' git married, but thin they got er kid; six months old now, an' smooth enough, *ez* er kid. Say, ef you'd see Morg with that 'ere kid, you'd be disgusted. Et's ridic'lous. I 'ain't never made no analyzdation 'f w'at effect er wife 'n' kid makes on mos' men, but I tell you they's jess done Morg. Used t' be Morg c'd lick anything w'at w'ars pants; but I don't think he's got sand enough t' do et now. Don't think he'd try. Jess fer reference, thar war er scrap down t' Henny's this arternoon jess ez easy ez anything y'ever see, an' Morg w'u'dn't even take er piece of't."

Crosby had been thoughtful, but at the pause he glanced at Diggs, then looked about him.

"Mind," the old man added, "I ain't sayin' nothin' ag'in Kitty! She's ez smooth er filly 's I ever see. But et's th' fac' 'f Morg's gettin' took in by er gal et all. Well, well, well! Say, I s'pose yer dead tired, an' wanter turn in. I'm goin' t' smoke this 'ere pipe out. Jess turn in anywhars; they's er bunk over 'n yon corner, an' they's some hides on th' bench thar."

Crosby threw himself at length upon a bear-skin; thinking deeply, with closed eyes, he forgot the other's presence. After a while the light went out, and he heard Diggs tumbling into the bunk. Then there was snoring. Still he was wakeful, and he began to wonder if something had not hurt his head. And while he was thinking of it he fell into a troubled doze. He dreamed; and in all the dreams there was the central figure of a girl with a violin sitting in the moonlight.

When he awoke at daylight he was unrefreshed, almost feverish. He began to think that his tumble had really injured him. But Diggs, to whom he suggested it, would not admit that a little thing like that could damage a man—certainly not a man in Montana. With this reproof he was fain to be silent. Then he fell to thinking of Kitty once more. It might be said in extenuation that woman is somewhat at a premium on the frontier. But Diggs, again, conscientious if anything, turned the topic to grizzlies. "Fer w'at 'd yer come 'ere fer?" he said, unanswerably. "An' looky," he added; "thar ain't a-goin' ter be no funny business about this; yer come 'ere t' shoot grizzlies—not t' shoot *at* 'em."

Grizzlies, ostensibly, were what Crosby had come for. But it soon became clear that he found more to interest him at Morg's; hardly a day passed that he did not find some pretext for appearing there. At first Morg incontestably looked upon him with suspicion; he was a well-looking young fellow, and had a taking way with him; but he was also frank and manly and whole-hearted, and distrust ended in entire confidence and warm friendship. The visits were encouraged.

The autumn drew on, and still Crosby did not go. Instead of going, he got a buckboard down from Helena; and in the afternoons when the sun was warm, he would take Kitty and the baby out for an airing. Sometimes Diggs would be permitted to ride on the slats behind, where, with his little legs dangling, he would sit and smoke and grumble comfortably. On these occasions they would accompany Morg with the stage for a little distance; and the big driver, stiff with pride, would follow the gay buckboard, taking its dust uncomplainingly, and gazing upon his wife and child ahead with admiring eyes. These were happy days.

Then, when the nights became cool, the two men got to going over to Morg's of an evening. Kitty would play for them while they smoked; and after the violin they would, as Diggs's phrase went, swap lies and argefy more than was good for them; then came the mother's lullaby as she put her child to bed in the adjoining room; then the walk home along the quiet road with the night wind blowing and the stars overhead blinking at them.

There were two months of this; then the time really came for Crosby to go. He regretted it sincerely, he said. And Diggs regretted it; and Morg and Kitty regretted it; for friends are not so many in that wild country.

The day before that set upon for his departure he went over to Morg's to take Kitty a farewell drive. It had snowed lightly overnight, but the day was fair and moderate.

Kitty was alone. She said she could not go; the baby was asleep. Crosby intimated that they would be gone but half an hour. So they went without the baby.

Diggs waited supper an hour over the time. He had broiled some bear-steak, and was not especially good-humored. Then he ate in solitude, swearing roundly at intervals. Crosby was a good enough fellow, certainly, but Diggs was not one to let friendship blind him totally to imperfections. As the minutes slipped by and still no young man, he began, for the first time, to ponder upon the possibility of an accident. It was now eight o'clock; Crosby should have been back by five, at the latest. With a vague uneasiness rising above his querulousness, he determined to call at Morg's. For, after all, the young man might have staid there for supper. He put on his fur coat, and lighted a lantern. Then, still grumbling, he started out. The snow was deep enough to make the tramping disagreeable; and long before he had covered the two miles between the cabins he had reflected that it was certainly two miles.

A light shone from the kitchen window of Morg's. That was a sign that things were all right, he argued; and as he drew near he began to think of the words proper to use in cussing a young man before a lady. He pushed open the kitchen door without the formality of knocking, and got out the first words:

"Oh, here y' are! I thought—"

Then he stopped; for Crosby was not there, nor was Kitty. Instead, he saw Morg himself, seated by the fireside, with the baby on his knee. He was feeding it, evidently with a rag sopped in milk; and the infant was wide-eyed with satisfaction and the novelty of the mode. So hard was Diggs's gaze he remembered afterward that the baby's feet were bare, and that it was curling up its little great toes to the blaze.

"W'y—w'y—whar's Kitty?" he cried, when he had found his voice.

Morg looked at him blankly.

"Whar's Kitty?" repeated the old man. "Ain't she back yit?"

"Back from whar?"

Diggs moved dazedly. The conviction that had just come to him was staggering. At last he got out, "W'y, ain't Crosby brung her back yit?"

Morg rose in silence, and placed the child in the old man's arms. Then, taking the lantern Diggs had set on the table, he said, with a calmness that was terrible,

"Diggsy, you wait 'ere."

The old man, hardly able to comprehend for a moment, kept his eyes fixed wonderingly upon the door that Morg had closed quietly behind him; he could not think connectedly—it was so sudden; and he was only recalled by the infant whimpering in his arms.

But with that signal the meaning of it all seemed to come. In a sort of frenzy he squeezed the child to his breast and danced madly about.

"Oh, gosh! oh, cracky! oh, hell!" he cried. Then holding the little soft bundle out before him at arm's-length, he peered with demoniac glee into the small tearful face. "Kid, yer be a-goin' ter hev a pop w'at is a pop agin," he assured it, earnestly. "Oh, yer pop 'll warm him, never fear. Yer pop's gone gunnin', kid. *Yis*, he hev, kid—gone gunnin'. An' yer kin be proud 'f yer pop agin, kid. *He'll* warm him, don't y' fear."

The child seemed to get but little comfort from this, so Diggs had to sit by the fire and jump it on his knee. It was peevish, and seemed to have pain in its little mouth; but the old man did not know what it was, and his resources were exhausted with the jumping, anyhow. But when it was especially troublesome, he would repeat over and over again, as a last resort, the old refrain, "Oh, he'll warm him, kid, don't y' fear." By practice he got this singsong into a sort of lullaby, and, what with this and the jumping, the baby was finally put to sleep. Then for hours Diggs sat with the little bundle motionless, repeating the refrain softly to himself.

Suddenly a thought came to him for the first time that nearly paralyzed him in earnest. What of the mother? What would Morg do to *her?* The possibility of her equal guilt was the more terrifying in that it had not before been suspected.

But the fear was soon dispelled. Shortly after midnight his attentive ear caught a sound outside. It was footsteps, light but distant. He had his eye on the door when it opened.

Morg and Kitty came in. She was leaning on his arm, very pale. She did not look at Diggs at all; but so soon as she caught sight of the child, she rushed forward and clutched it to her bosom.

Diggs was embarrassed. He looked at Morg; Morg looked at him. Without a word the old man reached for his coat and cap, put them on, and got out.

He did not intend to go home; he was too much excited, too curious, for that. He paced up and down the snowy road before the shanty, one eye upon the kitchen window. The light was not put out. He would stay here forever if necessary, he told himself.

The dawn broke red, flushing all the snow-field which stretched away to the eastern horizon and gilded the mountain-caps in the west. He noticed with peculiar interest that he had trodden a path solid for fifty yards in the road. Still, there was no appearance from the shanty.

But at the end of another hour the kitchen door opened. Morg came out and moved briskly toward the lean-to where the horses were. The old man overtook him, however, before he had got there. In silence they shook hands.

With eyes tearful, Diggs tried to speak; his lips moved mutely. But at last he got out, "You *did* him, Morg?"

Morg's brows came together, and he looked at his feet. There was an awkward pause. Then he began, "Yer see, Diggsy, et's this way—"

"Yes, yes, Morg. But ye beaded him, didn't ye?"

"Why, et's this way, Diggsy. Et war a reg'lar case of w'at they calls kednip. Diggsy, she war litully kednipped."

"Yes, yes, Morg," cried Diggs, eagerly. "An' ye did him 'fore he hed er chance t' explain."

There was another awkward pause. Morg looked back at the shanty, then at the mountains in the west.

"Diggsy," he said at last, "I met her th' other side 'f Macondy. He'd packed her twenty miles ef a step. She w'u'dn't 'a' got yer at all on'y she met Big Pete on th' way, an' he giv her a lift. Diggsy, her *feet* war bleedin'."

"No!" cried Diggs, beside himself. "But *him!—him!*"

A blaze that lit up his whole face came over Morg, but it died, and a tender light took its place. "Diggsy—" he began in a soothing voice, and stopped.

The old man ground his gums. Was there ever anybody so exasperating? But he must be cool. He prodded him, "'Diggsy'—you war a-sayin'—"

Morg dropped his eyes and sighed, then raised them again. "Diggsy," he said, thoughtfully—"say, Diggsy, w'at's good fer w'at they calls—w'at they calls—*toothin'?*"

"THE FENCING-MASTER."

OPERETTA is a form of amusement which is capable of a high artistic development. It has been sadly abused, indeed, and some of the recent operettas, so called, have been nothing more or less than musical extravaganzas, and very poor ones at that. Unfortunately there is a large class of persons who will go to see anything pretending to be comic, and the less refined it is the better many of them like it. This class is responsible for the longevity of the rubbish that has masqueraded under the title of comic opera. But there is also a large class of persons who desire refinement in humor and music, and it is to this class that such workmen as Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven must look for encouragement. They have already been rewarded for the sincerity of their work by the success of that delightful operetta, *Robin Hood;* and the great prosperity of their latest production, *The Fencing-Master*, at the Casino, should be an incentive to further efforts.

Mr. Smith has built the libretto of *The Fencing Master* on a very pretty and romantic story, which may be found in its serious form in the pages of William Waldorf Astor's novel, *Sforza*. It is a story which lends itself admirably to stage treatment. It gives abundant opportunity for the delineation of character, provides striking and picturesque situations, and affords wide scope for the exercise of the arts of the scene-painter and costumer. In making an operetta out of it, Mr. Smith has aimed at more poetic effect in his serious scenes than the operetta librettist usually attempts, and he has introduced in his second act a bit of real pathos. This approach to the borders of the domain of genuine opera comique is uncommon among the lighter musical entertainments of our time, and its artistic feeling and embodiment command the respect of all persons of good taste.

It is impossible to avoid the belief that the librettist has found a strong incentive in the ambition of the composer, for Mr. De Koven's score, while by no means deficient in lighter melodies for lighter moods, shows a constant tendency to rise high above the easy level of cheap operetta jingle which the Viennese school has made so familiar to us. In style, the composer is an eclectic. He has not followed closely any one model, but has striven to profit by the example of that which is best in the works of the cleverest French and English writers, with an occasional thought which shows the influence of the Italian opera-masters.

To say that Mr. De Koven has studied good models is not to say that he has confined himself to a slavish imitation of them. On the contrary, it is plain that he has endeavored, and with a large measure of success, to put the stamp of his own individuality on his music. He has written brightly, entertainingly, at times even in a moving manner, and always with the apparent ease of a skilled musician. His music, whether it be in the lighter or the more serious vein, is always melodious and delightful to the ear; and it is never cheap or vulgar. If it does not display mastership, it certainly reveals to us a well-equipped composer, who has chosen a thoroughly congenial field for the exercise of his gifts, and who moves in it with a delightful freedom. He has the tact to delight the multitude, while preserving the respect of the musical listener. This is an uncommon ability, and its further development will be awaited with most hopeful expectation.

The operetta has been put upon the stage at the Casino with great generosity and good taste. The scenery and costumes are all that could be desired, and the stage pictures are a constant delight to the eye. The principal persons engaged in the performance, notably Miss Tempest, Mr. Wilke, and Mr. Michelena, do their work with artistic grace. The orchestra is a good one, and Mr. Gustave Kerker conducts with knowledge and vigor.

VALENCIA IN CHICAGO.

Columbus was in Lisbon in 1482, dancing attendance on King John, and the Genoese was weary and sick at heart, for there had been promises unfulfilled. Just about this time in Spain the merchants of Valencia must have been in treaty with Don Pedro Compte, a famous architect of that day. The silk guild of the city were in want of a mart, and plans and specifications were submitted to them, which were accepted, for that fine structure known as "La Lonja of Valencia," which was commenced in 1482. In 1484 Columbus left Portugal for Spain, and so La Lonja, or the Casa Lonja, is contemporaneous with the time of the discovery.

In selecting this building as representing Spain on the grounds of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the Spanish government show their good taste. The plans for the reproduction of La Lonja at the World's Fair have been made by Señor Varquez Casado. This is the same architect who had under his charge the restoration of the convent of La Rabida, in Palos, and it was Señor Casado who designed that fine monument "The Discovery of America" at Huelva. All the details of the Lonja will be faithfully copied, and to-day in Valencia the ornamental parts of it are being cast from the actual building.

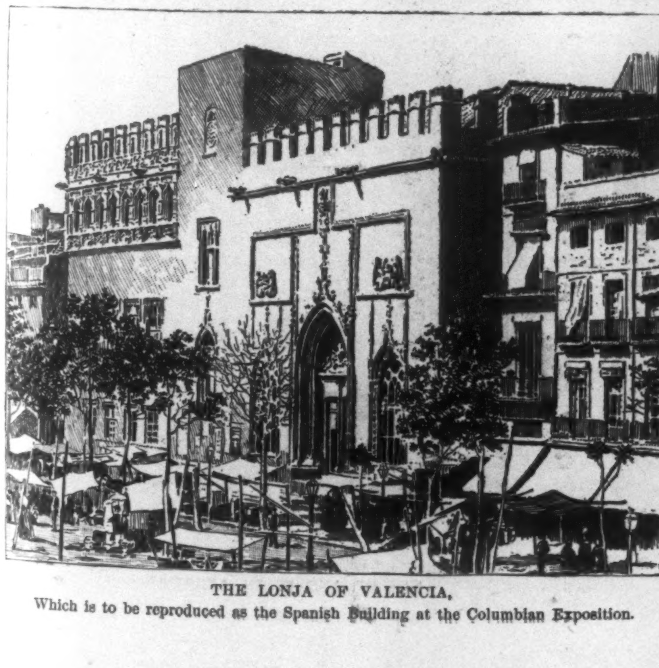
La Lonja may be considered architecturally as the finest specimen existing of late Spanish pointed-work. It is, as that excellent authority George Edmund Street tells us, "simpler in design than contemporaneous work at Valladolid and Burgos." A noticeable feature is the parapet, enriched with circular medallions enclosing a dozen heads. This ornamentation shows the transition period, as if ideas of the Renaissance had held their sway in the artistic conceptions of the Spanish architect.

The size of the building is 130 feet long by 75 wide. It will be admirably adapted for the requirements of the Spanish commission at Chicago. In Valencia, La Lonja is to-day the centre of active life. During many centuries the silk exchange was held in this building. It is in Valencia that are manufactured those wonderful damasks which adorn Spanish palaces. It is in Valencia that the famous tiles "azulejos," with their lustrous glaze, are made, and in this fictile ware Spain has followed the artistic inspirations of the Moors.

For such distinguishing prominence as Spain is to take at the great fair much is due to the energy of Don Enrique Dupuy de Lôme, the present minister of his Catholic Majesty in Washington. Born in Valencia in 1851, it was but natural that the semblance of the Lonja at Chicago should at least recall what is the pride of his native city. Don Enrique Dupuy de Lôme entered when young the diplomatic career, and held a responsible position in the Madrid Foreign Office. In 1873 he was sent on an important mission to Japan, then went to Brussels, and from Brussels to Montevideo, and in South America he assumed for some time the position of chargé d'affaires in Buenos Ayres. In 1882 he formed part of the embassy in Paris, and later was appointed secretary of the Spanish legation in Washington. After the death of Don Barca, he remained in Washington as chargé d'affaires. Later he became secretary of the Spanish legation in Berlin, and was the special delegate to Rome. He was subsequently made Spanish minister in Montevideo, and after holding this important position with great distinction, he returned to Spain, resuming his place in the Foreign Office until elected to represent his native province of Valencia in the Spanish Congress. In Madrid he was attached to the Foreign Committee, and his services were so highly esteemed that he was appointed minister to the United States. Don Enrique Dupuy de Lôme, having mounted all the grades of diplomatic duty, is thoroughly conversant with international law, and familiarizing himself with the languages in the many countries where he has been placed, speaks and writes with elegance English, French, and German.

The interest the Spanish minister has taken in the Columbian Exposition has been marked, and he has been indefatigable in calling the attention of the government to the subject. The erection of the Lonja at Chicago, through Don Enrique Dupuy de Lôme's exertions, has been expressed. The aid he has given to the project of a Columbian fountain on the Plaza in New York has been before this stated. The minister is using all his influence to further this notable end, the proper presentation of Spain at the Columbian Exposition, for her leading representative never can forget that it was Queen Isabella who sent Columbus across the seas, and to Spain this credit is to be awarded—the opening of a New World.

Barnett Phillips.



THE LONJA OF VALENCIA,
Which is to be reproduced as the Spanish Building at the Columbian Exposition.

MR. BLENDER'S PICTURE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

Mr. Blender's picture, "An Autumn Sunset in the Adirondacks," stood upon the easel ready for inspection. He had invited a few of his friends to a private view, and was awaiting them.

In expectation of the visits, Mr. Blender had given quite a decorative aspect to his often untidy studio, and had even selected a velveteen coat and waistcoat to do honor to his profession.

A timid knock was fittingly followed by a feminine critic, Miss Chasles.

"So good of you to come!" murmured Mr. Blender, after a horizontal hand-shake about shoulder-high. "Won't you sit down? You surely must be exhausted by those long stairs."

"Delighted to come, really!" she answered, with emphasis. "I do think this little den of yours is too fascinating for anything! Where did you get all these lovely rugs and these distracting portières? No one knows how to decorate like you artists. But there! I can hardly wait to see your picture. Do show it to me right away, while we are by ourselves, dear. I am so glad you're an artist. I should hate to marry a horrid merchant or lawyer. I do think it's beautiful to be romantic. Don't you?"

Mr. Blender turned from his picture, and the engaged couple treated themselves to a hasty embrace. Miss Chasles was the first to disengage herself, and straightening her hat, she said:

"Really, dear, you mustn't, you know. I can't stay but a moment. Mamma is waiting for me just across the street. Now show me your lovely picture."

Mr. Blender removed the light dust-cloth that hung upon the frame, and the landscape was revealed. After a moment's silence, he asked, "What do you think?"

"Think?" she said, rapturously. "I think it is a miracle. It is perfectly lovely. You have caught just that autumn feeling, you know—that dull glow of delicious tints. I think, Bertrand, that you're a genius—a perfect genius. How *can* you do such lovely things? You know yourself how good it is. Now confess. You think it's perfectly splendid, don't you?"

Mr. Blender was pleased, and showed his pleasure. "It's the best thing I've done, anyway. And I flatter myself that it 'll make that conceited Von Scumble sick when he sees it. Look at the sunset sky. Do you see how I've got that salmon-color? You can almost feel the chill in the air, can't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, you can hear the leaves crackle."

"And don't you think the deer at the edge of the lake is a good touch? I guess that some fellows can paint animals as well as other fellows. I am sorry you must go so soon, but thank you so much for coming. And you really like it?"

"Like it? I think that it's twice as good as that muddy Angelus thing! There!"

Hardly had she left the studio when there was a knock of a different character. It was sharp and decided, and in response to Mr. Blender's "Come in," a gentleman entered who looked quite capable of the knock.

"Ah, Blender! Glad to see you. I'm all out of breath with those steep stairs of yours. So your picture's done, eh? Let me see—you began it only two months ago, didn't you? Rather quick work, isn't it?"

"I've worked pretty steadily at it," said Mr. Blender. "And then, you know, I had some careful studies to begin with."

"Well, let's see the thing."

"What do you say to a glass of wine?"

"Very kind, I'm sure. But I don't drink, except a glass of wine at dinner now and then. I find it dulls the perceptions. No; I'll look at the picture right away, if you don't mind. I'm very busy, you see, and can't stay but a minute."

Mr. Blender removed the cloth, which he had replaced after Miss Chasles went. The newcomer, who was the well-known landscape-painter Mr. Turps, looked at the picture for a few minutes without saying a word.

At length Mr. Blender said, timidly, "What do you think?"

"It isn't so bad," said Mr. Turps, slowly. "It has some good points. The background is kept down very well, and that clump of trees in the middle comes in very well. But—what's that brownish patch there?"

"I put it in for a deer," said Mr. Blender.

"Oh! Ah, yes! Well, candidly, Blender, why did you go into the menagerie line? There are no bones in it."

"Would you paint it out?"

"Well, I don't—know. Why don't you work it over into a tree stump or something? You need something there to balance the rock on the right. No—I don't think I'd paint it out. Let it go. It will hardly be noticed. The main trouble, Blender, is with the sky. It's too warm—decidedly too warm. If I were you I'd glaze it over with some very thin cobalt. Tone it down considerably. It 'll stand it. If you do that, the picture will pass. You're getting on. What you want to do is to study simplicity and quiet tones. Study Millet. You want more of the Angelus effect. Of course you can't hope to rival any part of that masterpiece, but it will do you good to study it. Good-by now. I have spoken frankly, Blender, because I know you are capable of serious work."

"You're very good. Thank you. I'll think over what you've said."

The door closed, and Mr. Turps was gone.

"Old fool!" remarked Mr. Blender, as he kicked a rug out of the way. "Pure envy and ignorance."

The next caller was another artist who had a studio on the same floor. He strolled in with a pipe in his mouth.

"Hullo, Blender!" was his easy salutation.

"Have a drink?" Mr. Blender asked, at the same time opening a corner cabinet and producing a decanter and glasses.

"Thanks. Get me inebriated, and extract a warm if incoherent encomium of your picture. I see your little game, and I see your little picture. It's a corker, Blender. Solid cadmium and rose madder in chunks. And who says we haven't got a stuffed deer in the foreground? Well, I guess not. Why, that's a seller, Blender, and no mistake. It 'll go, right off the reel. There are lots of old chumps that like bright colors. What do you call it?"

"'An Autumn Sunset in the Adirondacks.'"

"Nonsense! You haven't a bit of style about you. Call it 'The Dying Day,' or 'The Deer's Last Drink.' I think it's immense, but it's the title that sells a picture. Look at that French fellow's Angelus; all there is to it is the name. The color in that picture of his is away out of luck. It's the name that brought the cash. Why, if it hadn't been named, nobody would have known what it was. Suppose it had been called 'Button, button—who's got the button?' do you think it would have made the artist's everlasting fortune the way it did? Honest, now."

"It didn't. Millet was dead long before it sold for anything to speak of."

"Was he? He was in hard luck. But that doesn't affect my argument. You'll have to change the name. You might call it 'Solitude.'"

"Strikes me," Mr. Blender said, slowly, "that name has been used once or twice."

"Maybe. Call it 'Loneliness,' then. It's got lots of good paint in it, anyhow. I'd have it framed by Bulger, too. That frame is no good. It looks cheap."

"Bulger made it," remarked Mr. Blender, dryly.

"Oh, it 'll do. But it isn't the best he ever made—not by a long shot; and the frame is two-thirds of the battle. I must go, though, Blender. You won't want any of your swell friends to catch me here with this pipe. I wish you luck."

As this visitor sauntered out Mr. Blender opened the window. Then he turned toward his picture, with a heavy scowl on his face.

"May I come in, Bert?"

Mr. Blender turned and saw his small brother in knickerbockers.

"What do you want, Jack?" he asked, none too sweetly.

"I want to see your picture. I heard mother say you meant to have some friends to see it, and I thought you wouldn't mind my seeing it if I put my Sunday suit on."

"All right, Jack. Come in. You might as well. There it is. How do you like it?"

"Bert—it's immense. I like it better than any you have done. I know where you took it. I have been there lots of times. That rock is where we dive from. And there's the tree where the kingfisher used to sit. It is splendid! And that deer—I wish I had my Flobert rifle here. I'd settle *him*. And I know what time it is in the picture. It's just time to start home through the woods, if you want to get there in time for supper. It's—bully!"

"Jack, how would you like to have it?"

"For my own—in my own room?"

"Yes."

"Bert, I'll give you my—I'll give you my bicycle for it."

"No matter for the bicycle, Jack. I'd be glad to have you keep it."

"Bert, you're the best brother any fellow ever had, and I'm going to keep that picture all my life!"

So it was settled. Whereupon Mr. Blender locked up his studio and took Jack to a matinée.

"It's lucky that Blender doesn't have to sell his pictures. He's too sensitive to exhibit them," remarked Mr. Turps, as he missed the "Autumn Sunset" from the Winter Exhibition.

THE JOY OF LOVE.

BY CY WARMAN.

I knew a woman once with laughing eyes—
Sweet dreamy eyes, like little sun-kissed seas;
With face flushed like the West when daylight dies,
Whose breath was like a summer-scented breeze.

Where'er she walked the birds sang in their bowers
And mocked her voice, melodious and sweet;
She stole the peace and perfume of the flowers
Whose little leaves lay crushed beneath her feet.

'Twas not the beauty of her face alone,
Nor yet her form, my willing heart that stole,
But sweeter still, the light of love that shone
From out her eyes, reflected from her soul.

We talked much of the future, and, at times,
She troubled lest we lose some longed-for bliss.
I sang to her my love in little rhymes,
And sometimes closed a couplet with a kiss.

We lived as little children live at play
In summer days—unmindful of the past,
Impatient for the future—we were gay,
Nor paused to reck how long the dream would last.

We saw the summer roses rocked to rest;
The hoarfrost hushed the music of the rills;
But she felt not the cold, for in her breast
There burned Love's fadeless fire that warms and thrills.

Long winter nights we watched the glowing grate,
Her low, sweet laugh made music like the streams
That flow through forests. When I left her, late,
'Twas only to return to her in dreams.

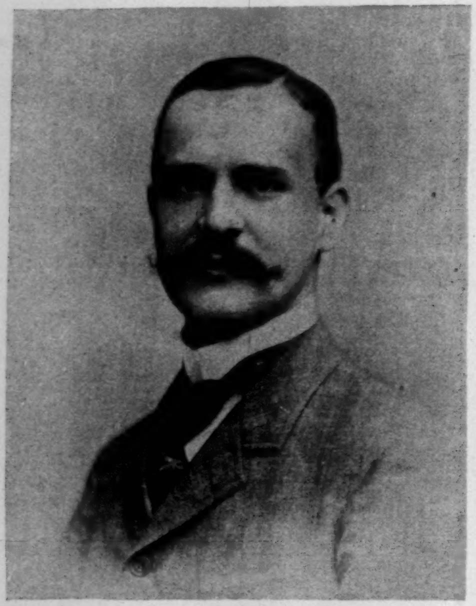
How sweet to love—to have the heart enslaved!
Your future in a woman's hand, what bliss!
To know each day life's sweetest sweets are saved
By woman's soft caress or tender kiss.

If I could pray a prayer that God would hear
And answer, I would ask the powers above
That all mankind upon this fading sphere
Be once allowed to taste the joy of love.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD AS A SISTER OF CHARITY.

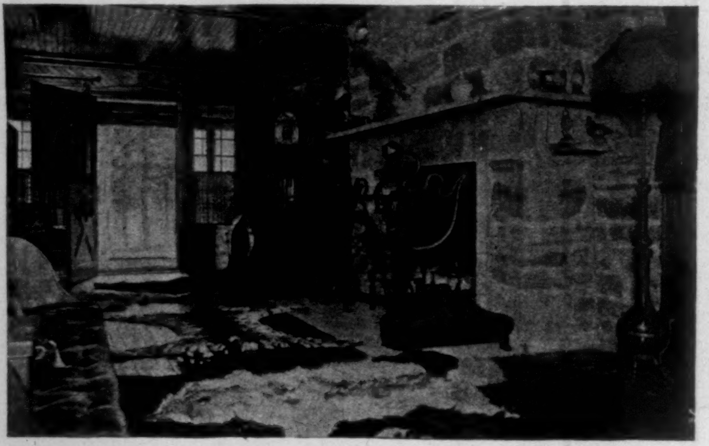
MRS. GEORGE GOULD, NÉE EDITH KINGDON, AND ADA REHAN, IN "LOVE ON CRUTCHES."

EDWIN GOULD,
In the Uniform of Inspector of Rifle Practice of the Seventy-first Regiment, N.G.N.Y.

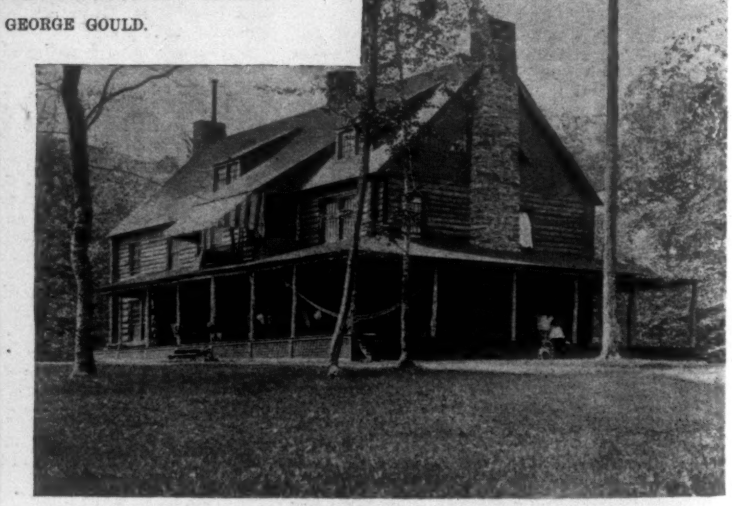


MR. GEORGE GOULD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD.



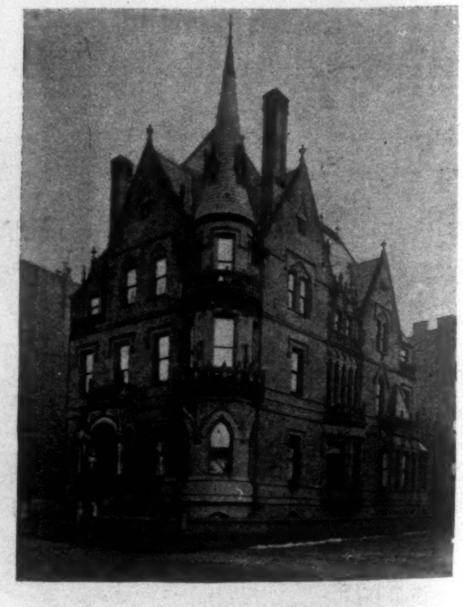
HALLWAY, FURLOUGH LODGE—GEORGE GOULD'S SUMMER HOME, ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.



FURLOUGH LODGE—EXTERIOR.

THE LATE JAY GOULD'S RESIDENCE.

GEORGE GOULD'S FORMER RESIDENCE.

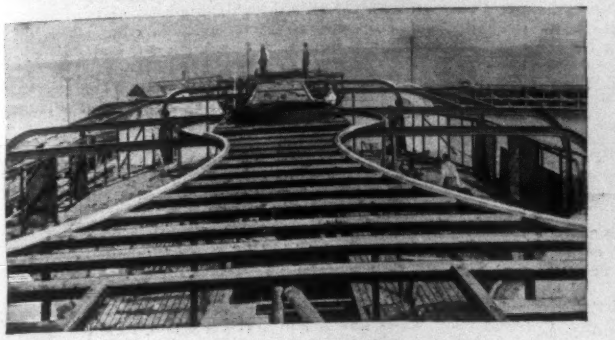


GEORGE GOULD'S RESIDENCE, SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

MR. GEORGE GOULD, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE GOULD FAMILY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGILL AND BOLLES.—[SEE PAGE 1233.]

THE WORLD'S FAIR NAVY EXHIBIT.

As now decisively foreshown, the exhibit of the naval service will figure brilliantly among the host of splendid conceptions united in the Columbian Exposition to charm the observant world through another summer, and, divided between the water and the land, this will maintain a novel as well as a characteristic distinction. The representatives of the several bureaus of the Navy Department in recent conference at Chicago have already signified with acclaim the official estimate of this achievement at the present stage. By the course which these members of kindred committees then decided together, the final preparation of the exhibit will consist in the addition of an extensive equipment to complete in varied scenes and semblances of war so well-conceived an illustration among the victories of peace.



CONSTRUCTION OF NAVAL EXHIBIT.

If fairly judged, this exhibit will represent "the nation's airy navies" in very beauteous form indeed, and no beholder will feel regret if possibly it tells less of the "grappling in the central blue," in consequence of the additional service it is designed to fulfil as a treasure-house of naval relics and of art.

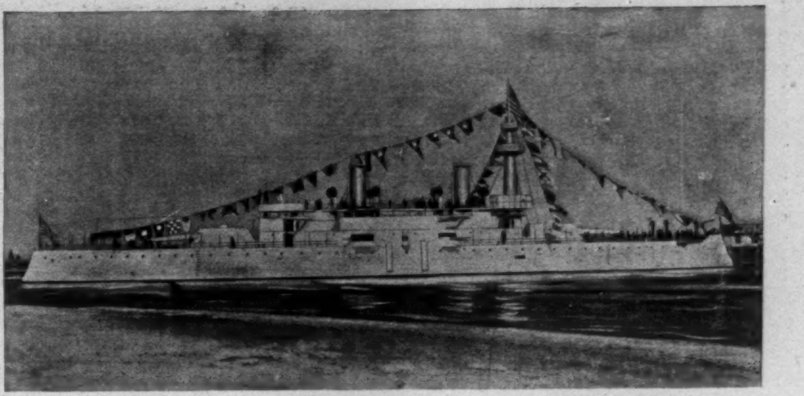
The exhibit covers a certain water area, and is to be further distributed over a section of the adjacent beach. Its most important feature is the naval structure on the lake, now approximately complete. This is a full-sized model, above the water-line, of the most recently designed coast-line battle ships yet to be completed in Philadelphia and San Francisco ship-yards. The structure rests upon a substantial foundation of piling and heavy timber, and forms a perfect counterfeit of the actual ship of war. It is protected against lake storms by a massive breakwater and pier 900 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 12 feet high, built by the local board of directory at Chicago, and being prepared to serve additional uses, both in mounting exhibits, and by means of several entrances giving access to the exhibit ship in the approach from shore.

While substituting for the function of the sailing vessel that of the museum, this dummy ship, christened the *Illinois*, is made by ingenious adjustment at all points to preserve entirely the semblance of the man-of-war. The structure is 348 feet long on the water-line, 70 feet extreme breadth amidships, and 14 feet freeboard. The addition of a complete battery is contemplated, a part of which is already mounted.

The model ship is built in steel, iron, brass, wood, brick, concrete, and cement, with sides and hull portion from the foundation to main-deck formed in brick, set into a thick layer of concrete, finished outside and inside with cement, fitting accurately with the lines of the vessel. Below the brick walls are iron plates adjusted precisely to the shape of the vessel to give the desired finish, and extending below the water level to prevent, at all times, the exposure of the foundation. In all the equipment in telegraphs, speaking-tubes, electric wires, call-bells, indicators, etc., the vessel will be fitted as for actual service. The use of electricity in a modern man-of-war will be fully illustrated with an electric plant, including search-light, to be furnished by one of the electrical firms.

The exhibit of the Ordnance Department will be partly real and partly counterfeit. The 13-inch guns, already mounted in pairs in the turrets, are of wood; but the four 6-inch guns now in position are the pieces designed for the use of the new battle ship *Oregon*, and the secondary battery of 6-pounders, 1-pounders, and Gatling-guns is from the equipment prepared for the same vessel. A battery of Hotchkiss and Driggs-Schroeder guns will be mounted on the superstructure-deck—all in working order—and powerful search-lights will be distributed, with other guns of these types, along the bridge. Specimens of former types of guns, with torpedoes and other outfit, will be mounted by the Ordnance Department on the breakwater adjacent to the battle ship. All forms of the outfit of a ship of war, including two armor plates, will be shown, and on the battle-deck will be illustrated the stowage and handling of ammunition. A double series of ordnance and equipment, comprising ancient and modern forms, will be exhibited on the pier and adjacent beach.

The boats for sea service and fighting, as well as others, will hang to davits on the piers; while a complete set of small boats, including steam-launches and cutters, will be shown riding at the boom. The handsome models of many of the new vessels, as well as the old ones from the corridors of the Navy Department, will be mounted, by the Construction Bureau, on the berth-deck. Another representation of the new vessels will be given in a series of water-colors to be prepared for this collection.



THE NAVAL EXHIBIT.

The original plan for showing a complete set of engines for one of the new ships, mounted and in operation, is found impracticable, as these are immediately needed for one of the new cruisers. The progress made in engine construction will be shown by means of a large India-ink picture, representing the engines of the old *Powhatan* and of new torpedo-boat No. 2 in forcibly expressed contrast.

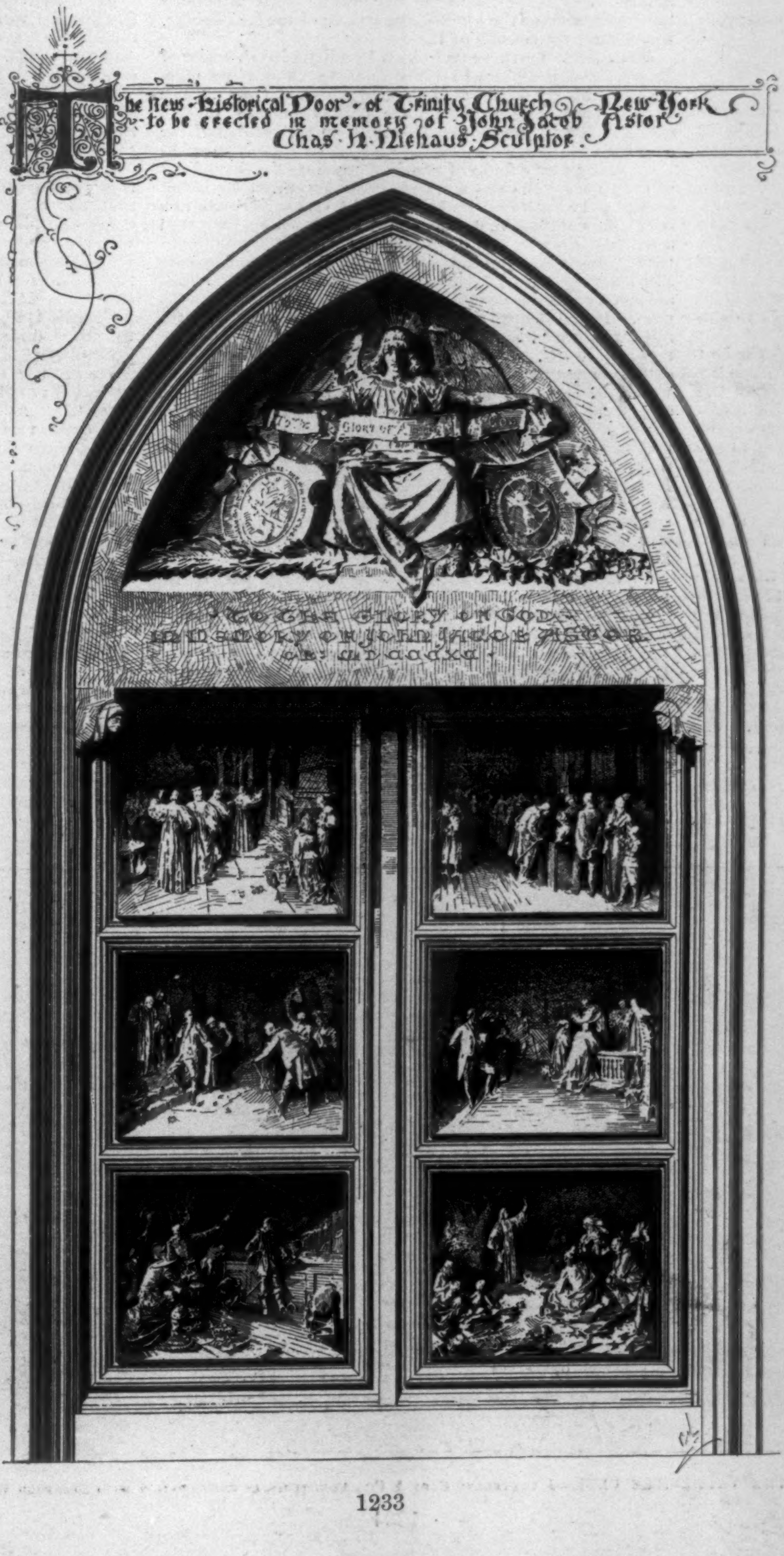
The exhibit of the Bureau of Navigation will illustrate the work of the Naval Academy, to be shown in one of the state-rooms, and that of the Hydrographic Office, located on the port side of the wardroom. A branch hydrographic office will be fitted up elsewhere near the ship. On the breakwater near the *Illinois* will be erected the small buildings to contain the exhibit of the Naval Observatory, which is to include equatorial and magnetic instruments, as well as those for time service, which will be fitted up and connected with the time ball to be dropped from the dome of the Government Building, and with electric gongs placed in other buildings on the grounds.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery will maintain a dispensary and sick-bay, or hospital; the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts will have a room fitted up with naval stores and clothing; and even the paymaster will be on hand to show his way of transacting business. The military life to be kept up aboard ship during the exposition will show very completely the method practised on our naval vessels when actually at sea, with only the difference of a less detail of men for the exhibit ship. The practice in drills will be regularly shown, and the men will be fed and quartered as on board ship.

The historical and other exhibits in forms not ordinarily seen in a ship of war are to be disposed of among the exhibits of the several bureaus, the portraits of naval heroes, relics of war, etc., going with the exhibit of the Construction Bureau, which consists of furniture for the captain's room and one wardroom, each to be fitted up identically as contemplated for the genuine battle ship.

As is now expected, the *Michigan*, the only man-of-war allowed on the lakes under the terms of the treaty of this country with Great Britain, will be anchored near the pier, with the torpedo cruiser *Cushing* and other torpedo-boats available for the exposition period, including the practice cruiser now being built to complete a sufficiently impressive naval array. Another brilliant element in contemplation for the success of this well-ordered effort will be the United States Marine Band, now stationed at Washington, which probably will be detailed to the model ship during the exhibition.

This exhibit will be under the general charge of Commodore R. W. Meade, with whom the applauded plan had its origin. His able assistant, Lieutenant-Commander E. D. Taussig, will serve in the direct command of the ship. The appointments of other officers are in part made at Washington from among many applicants for the agreeable duty.



The New Historical Door of Trinity Church New York to be erected in memory of John Jacob Astor Chas. H. Niehaus, Sculptor.

Glory of
To the Glory of God
In Memory of John Jacob Astor
Ob: MDCCCXC

MR. ASTOR'S GIFT TO TRINITY CHURCH.

The historic old church of Trinity, on the lower part of Broadway, New York, is to receive immense doors of bronze, costing $100,000, the gift of the late John Jacob Astor, who was one of the vestrymen. The designs are after those of Richard M. Hunt, architect, and the door, which is illustrated herewith, is the work of the sculptor C. H. Niehaus. The two lower panels represent the discovery of Manhattan Island by Hendrick Hudson in his ship the *Half-Moon*, and Dr. Barclay preaching to the Indians. The central panels picture Washington entering St. Paul's Chapel after his inauguration as President in 1789, and the consecration of four Bishops in St. Paul's in 1832. The upper panels represent the procession entering Trinity Church upon its consecration in 1846, and the dedication of the Astor reredos in 1877. About the panels are various inscriptions and symbols, together with the seal of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the seal of the Corporation of Trinity Church. There is also the inscription, indicating the giver of the doors and the intention of the donor, which reads: "To the Glory of God. In Memory of John Jacob Astor. Ob. MDCCCXC." The doors and frame-work are cast in bronze, the fittings being of Belleville stone. The sculptor, Mr. Niehaus, was a student at the McMicken School of Design, Cincinnati, and has achieved a wide reputation. Several statues in the Capitol at Washington, and the bronze statue of Garfield, in Cincinnati, are among his notable works.

THE GOULD FAMILY.

Seventy-two millions of dollars is the amount of the estate left by the late Jay Gould. Outside of a few comparatively small bequests to his brother and sisters and their children, Mr. Gould left the entire fortune to his sons and daughters. To Miss Helen M. Gould personal property amounting to $1,000,000, and $6000 a month during the minority of the two minor children, Anna and Frank, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the country house at Irvington. Edwin Gould is given the residence at 1 East Forty-seventh Street, New York, valued at $60,000. To George J. Gould is given $5,000,000; and after enumerating the interests of the latter's children in case of their father's death, the balance of the estate is divided among the six children of the testator. That is, they have all equal life interests, with specified powers of disposition by will.

George J. Gould, who was his father's right-hand man for several years, received the extra $5,000,000 for his services. He is a man of much business ability and tact. He married Miss Edith Kingdon, who was a member of Daly's company, and has four children. Mrs. Gould is noted for her beauty and charm of manner. Edwin Gould is a well-known young man about New York, having been a member of Troop A, and now inspector of rifle practice. He married Miss Sarah C. Shrady on October 27th of this year. Miss Helen M. Gould made her début in society just a year ago, and is a woman of much grace and cultivation. She and her brother George are guardians of the two younger children, Anna and Howard Gould. The third son, Frank J. Gould, has recently come of age. The Gould country house at Irvington, on the Hudson, is most magnificent, and while there Mr. Gould indulged his passion for flowers. The greenhouses on the place are wonderful, covering an immense area. They hold one of the largest private collections of flowers in the world, the orchid-house alone containing 10,000 plants. To Miss Helen Gould the use of this house is given until the youngest child comes of age.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE HEART.

Oh, the rosy days of childhood,
How blissfully they sped,
When not a charm had vanished,
And not a wonder fled!
The year was full of promise then,
The tongue was full of praise,—
But I think the cup is sweeter now
Than in the childish days.

Oh, the laughing world of childhood,
Of ignorance and ease!
The lightest touch could quicken,
And the least pleasure please;
Yet the upward paths are dearer,
With all the thorns they bear,
Than a garden of a hundred flowers
When Ignorance is there!

Oh, the beating heart of childhood—
That little heart of snow,
That doubt has never entered,
Nor sorrow has brought low!
Trust me, not all the rapture
Its eager life can span
Can shadow forth the perfect love
That warms the breast of man.

Dora Read Goodale.

JOHORE.

"*Tuan Allah suka*—If Allah permits, I will be at your great exposition." And his Highness, Abubaker, Sultan of Johore, set his royal chop on the act of his council appointing the Honorable Dato (Lord) Abdul Rahman, C.M.G., personal secretary to his Highness and to the State, and Mr. Harry Lake, surveyor and engineer to his government, Commissioners to represent him at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Sudah! In the laconic language of the country, it was finished, and I retired from the audience-chamber with the firm belief that the little Malayan principality of Johore would have one of the most interesting and novel exhibits at the fair.

With one exception, Siam, Johore is the only independent kingdom in southern Asia. Surrounded on all sides by British possessions, lying almost under the shadow of the British guns at Singapore, an easy prey to British diplomacy, it has battled successively with the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the East India Company, and has lived to see her more mighty rivals in India and among the great islands of the Netherland Archipelago become mere colonies to foreign empires.

Through the wisdom and enlightened statesmanship of one man it continues to hold its head up among the nations of the earth, and to increase in prosperity and wealth. In 1819, when Sir Stamford Raffles purchased the island on which Singapore now stands from the father of the present Sultan of Johore, the royal palace was a palm-thatched bungalow, the country an unbroken jungle, and the inhabitants pirates and fishermen by turns; the notorious Strait of Malacca was infested with long, keen, swift pirate proas, and the snake-like kris menaced the merchant marine of the world.

The advancement of the United States has not been more rapid since that date than the advancement of Johore. The attap *Istana* or palace has given place to a series of palaces that rival those of many a much better-known country; the jungle has given place to plantations of gambier, tea, coffee, and pepper; the few elephant tracks and forest paths to a network of macadamized roads and projected railways; and the native proas to English-built barks and deeply laden cargo steamers.

Two hundred thousand hard-working, money-making Chinese have been added to the 35,000 Malay aborigines, and the revenue of this remnant of an empire is far greater than was the revenue of the original state.

The Sultanate of Johore, as it now is, has an area of about 15,000 square miles, and a population of between 250,000 and 300,000 souls.

A ride of fourteen miles across the ever-green island of Singapore brings you to the narrow strait that washes the shores of the southernmost point of the continent of Asia. The Sultan's long-boat, manned by a half-dozen bronzed natives in canary-colored suits, takes you across the little space that separates you from the mainland, and leaves you for the nonce outside the pale of European jurisdiction. Everything is novel, strange, totally different from what you have seen in India, Ceylon, or China. It is Malayan.

From the parapet of the fort that looks down on the little capital and guards the strait, a panoramic view of a hundred square miles of the most populous part of the kingdom stretches away to the rain-enwrapped dome of Mount Pulei on the west, and the silver sheen of the Pacific on the east. Directly beneath is Johore Bahru, half Chinese, half Malay in architecture, with its attap-roofed bali or hall, its Mohammedan mosque, Chinese joss-house, and Buddhist temple, its public buildings of brick, spacious gambling farms, and its well-paved streets filled with the representatives of all the races of the far East. The din of running rickshas, rattling gharries, and the confused bable of twenty thousand voices in a dozen different languages, salute the ears.

Beyond, and off toward the interior, are the palaces of the Prime Minister, the Sultan's brothers, and members of the cabinet; wide-spreading parks surround them, and beautifully kept hedges hem them in.

Farther on, a Malay campong or village of palm-thatched houses, built up on posts six feet from the ground, peeps from under the yellow and green fronds of a cocoanut grove. Such a village will be reproduced at Chicago. Black objects working amid a mass of green shrubbery signify a tea, gambier, or coffee plantation, while pyramidical columns of greenery dotting the red soil of a cleared space pass for a pepper farm. To our right is the Istana of the Sultan, flanked by the Hall of Justice and the new palace of the Crown-Prince. Just raising its head above the dense foliage of the Botanical Garden is the *Istana Isara*, or women's palace, where reigns supreme over one hundred and fifty women his Highness's beautiful Circassian wife, Inche Kitega. Just at the end of the long granite pier that bounds the Johore side of the strait is the Palace of the Red Bridge, where meet the council of the country.

Away to the north, to us hidden by a denuded shoulder of Mount Pulei, is Ophir of biblical fame, to which King Solomon sent his ships for "gold dust, peacocks, and asses." The ancient roads and workings are plainly marked, though overgrown by a jungle that is older than the records of the country.

Climbing a long flight of granite steps from the shore front of the palace, you enter a marble-paved reception-room that occupies the centre of the building. A servant dressed in a cool silken sarong, that falls about his legs like a skirt, and a red fez, throws open doors and reveals the royal dining-room. Big white punkas swing from the polished ceiling and keep the temperature at a minimum. At the far end, against a plate-glass mirror, rest servers and tankards of solid gold. In the centre of the massive table is a golden urn, filled with maidenhair-ferns and dragon-orchids that require two men to lift. The table is set with a service of gold and silver, one course of which is the famous Ellenborough plate which the late Sultana purchased in Scotland for $200,000, as a present for his Highness. A little Arabic character on the edge of each stands for her initials. Across the reception court a marble flight of steps leads up to the corridor that surrounds the grand salon and the Throne Room. Heroic-sized paintings of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield stand against the walls at the first landing. About the corridors are Malay krises and limbings, Dyak spears and shields, Japanese katanas and suits of armor, Indian daggers and weapons of war and the chase.

In the grand salon, more than in any other part of the palace, one feels that he is in the home of an Oriental prince whose tastes far outrun his own dominions.

Velvet carpets from Holland, divans from Turkey, rugs from Bokhara, tapestries from Persia, and lace from France mingle with embroideries from China, cut glass from England, and rare old Satsuma ware from Japan. On a grand square German piano is a mass of music in which the masterpieces of all countries have equal rights with the national anthem of Johore.

Through the heavy velours curtains is the Throne Room. Around its gilded walls are life-sized portraits of the English royal family; below them are pieces of sculpture, gifts from the King of Italy, the Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Turkey, and other royalties. At one end of the room, on a raised dais, stands a gilded chair. At the end is a grated opening in the wall, behind which the Sultan's wives can watch all affairs of ceremony and state.

Leading off to the right and left of the salon are suites of parlors and rooms furnished *à la Française*, in which the guests of the state are entertained, and the apartments of the Crown-Prince until he marries, this coming spring, the daughter of the revolutionary Sultan of Pahang.

Going down a broad flight of marble steps on the opposite side of the Istana from which you entered you find yourself in a park of imposing dimensions and striking beauty. A wide-sweeping red road carries you into the heart of a botanic chaos, banyan and sacred waringhan trees covering great stretches of ground, and dropping their fantastic roots into the steaming earth like living stalactites. The fan-shaped, water-hoarding travellers' palm forms a background for the brilliant magenta-colored bourganvillia. The dim, translucent depths of an orchid-house lure you on, or a great pond covered with the sacred lotus, blue lilies, and the flush-colored cups of the superb Victoria Regia command your admiration. Palms, flowering shrubs, ferns, and creepers riot on all sides. Monkeys swing above in the ropelike tendrils of the rubber vines and spotted deer gambol beneath the shade of mango-trees. It is an ideal spot: one that is only possible in the moist, heat-laden atmosphere of the equator.

Besides his Johore palaces, the Sultan has one in his northern province, Muar, and a new one in Singapore that is lighted with electric lights, and fitted with all such modern improvements as can be adapted to a part of the world that enjoys a daily record on the thermometer of 150° in the sun.

In personal appearance his Highness will compare favorably with the best representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race. He is five feet eight in height, is well built, with clean-cut, kindly features. His color is nearer the Spanish type than the Indian. His hands and feet are small, forehead high and full, lips thin, and nose aquiline. His hair and mustache are iron gray. He speaks good English, and is able to converse in French and German. In every-day dress he affects the English Prince Albert suit, to which he adds a narrow silk sarong and a rimless black cap. At unofficial dinners he wears a tuxedo jacket, a white low-cut vest all with diamond buttons, black pantaloons, and gray sarong. In the front of his cap is a plume of diamonds, and in his button-hole a diamond orchid. On his wrists are heavy gold bracelets of Malayan workmanship, and his fingers are cramped with almost priceless rings.

In official dress, including his crown, his Highness wears $10,000,000 worth of diamonds. His collar, epaulet, belt, cuffs, and orders of all the monarchies of Christendom, blaze with diamonds. The handle and scabbard of his sword are a solid mass of precious stones.

Other than being a lover of jewels, his Highness is a lover of good horseflesh and of yachts. His stud comprises two hundred horses, among which are fleet Arabians, sturdy little Delhi ponies, thoroughbred Australians, and Indian galloways. Twice a year he offers a cup at the Singapore jockey races, and enters a half-dozen of his best runners. At his tent on the grounds he dispenses champagne, ices, and cakes, and his native band of thirty pieces plays alternately with the regimental band from the English barracks.

His 300-ton steam-launch was built on the Clyde. Besides the Sultan's saloon on the lower deck, which is furnished befitting a king, there are cabins for ten people. The promenade-deck is under an awning, and is furnished with a heavy rosewood dining-table and long chairs. She carries four guns of long range.

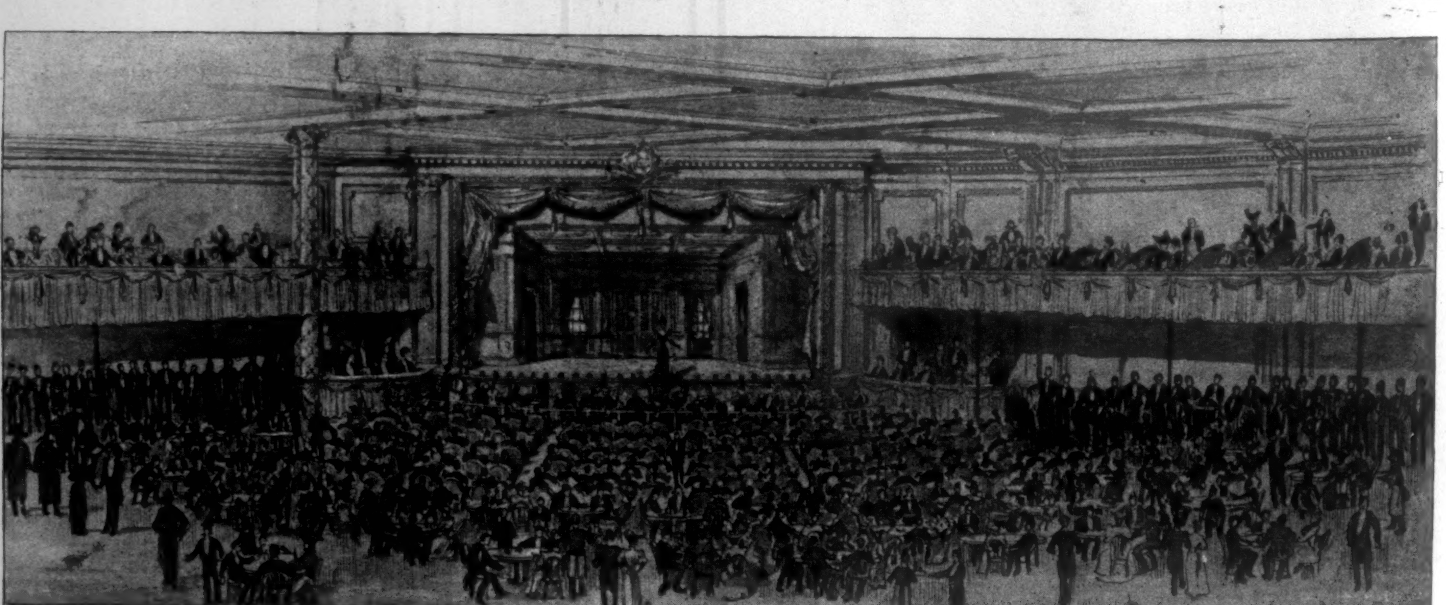
He has two smaller armed yachts of 100 tons and 25 tons each that are of light draught, built expressly for shore and river use. At present a Liverpool firm has an order for a 500-ton iron yacht and gunboat combined, which his Highness designs shall be one of the finest afloat.

The revenue of Johore amounts to $6,000,000 a year, to which the Sultan's private property in Singapore adds nearly a half-million more. The bulk of the national revenue is raised from opium, spirits, and gambling. The scheme of taxation is simple, but most effective. Any Chinaman who has a longing for the pipe pays into his Highness' treasury one dollar a month, and is granted a permit to buy and smoke opium; another monthly dollar, and he is licensed to imbibe.

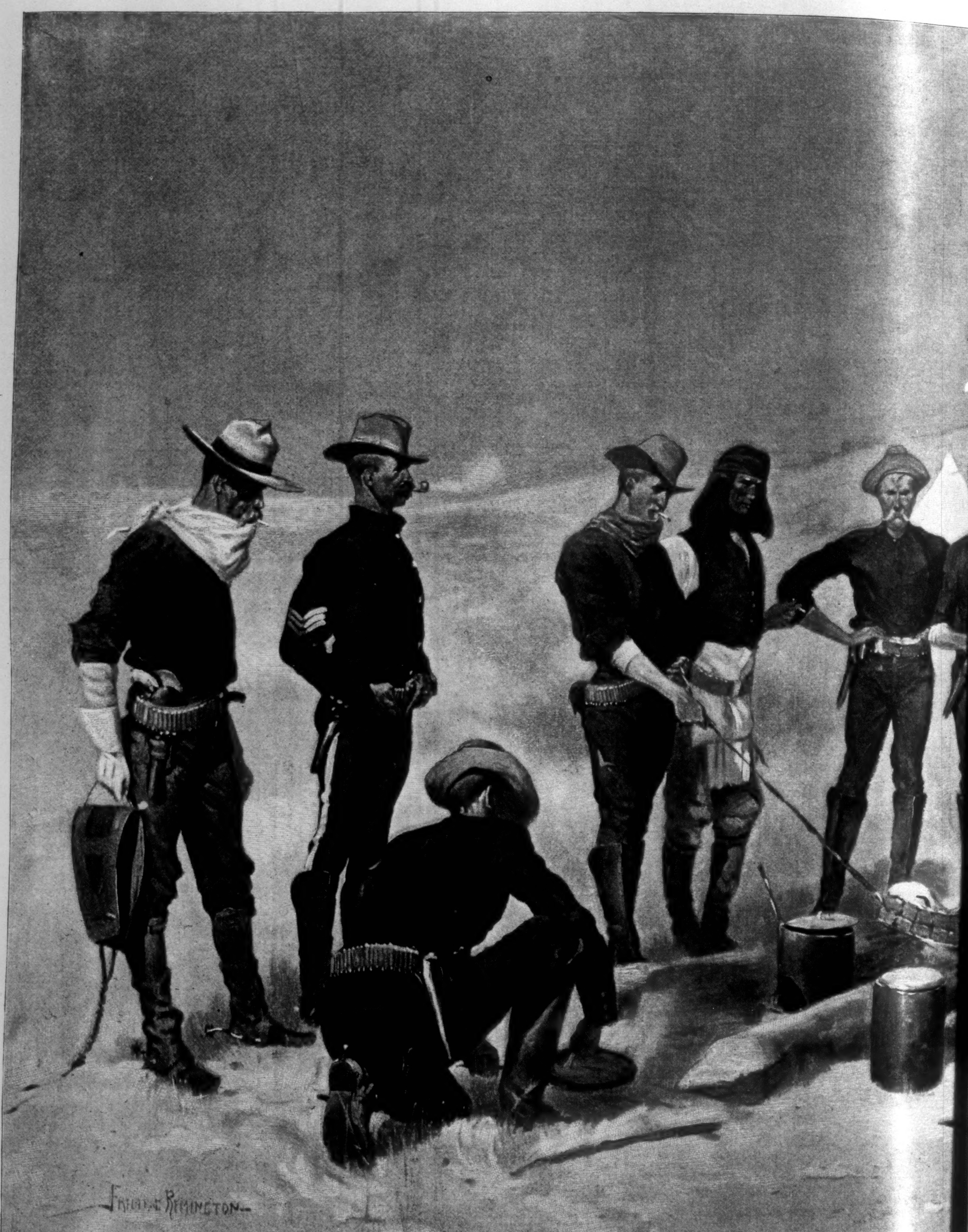
The gambling privilege is given to the highest bidder, and he has the monopoly for the kingdom. There is also a small export tax on gambier and tin. On the other hand, any immigrant who wishes to settle and open a farm of any kind is given all the ground he can work, rent free, to have and to hold as long as he keeps it under cultivation. Should he leave, it reverts, with all improvements, to the crown.

The government is autocratic, but tempered and kept in sympathy with the English ideas of justice as seen in the great colonies that surround it.

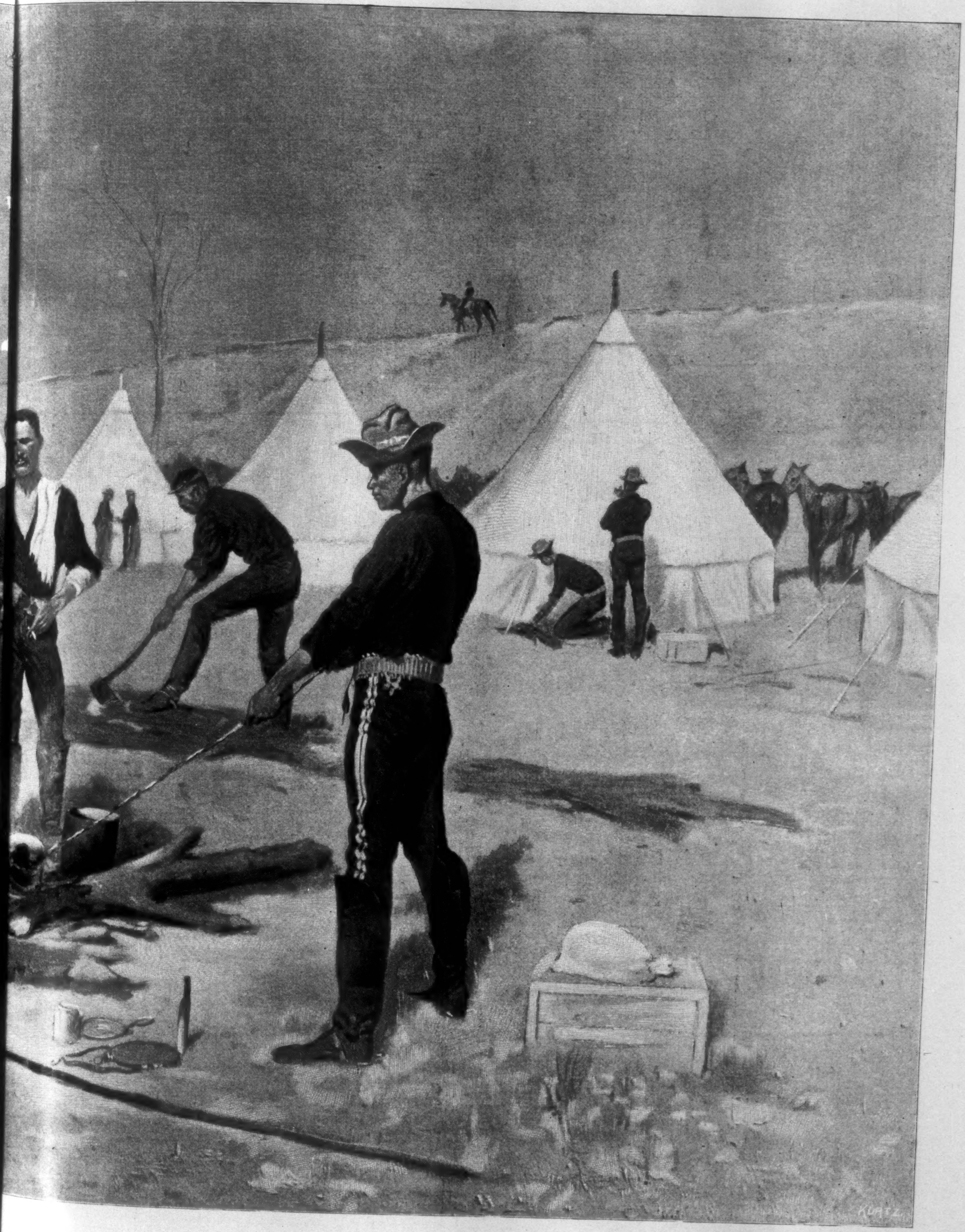
Rounsevelle Wildman.



CONCERT HALL OF THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.—J. Cleveland Cady & Co., Architects, in consultation with Stanford White.—[See Page 1243.]


FREDERIC REMINGTON

ROASTING THE CHRISTMAS BEEF IN A CAV



RY CAMP.—From the Painting by Frederic Remington.

TO THE WINNER!

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

CHARACTERS:

Colonel Barlow,
Count Hugo Gratz,
Captain Parsons,
Captain Franklin,
Lieutenant Peter James, } *officers in the American army.*
John Doubleday, *inn-keeper.*
Rev. Cyril Carleton, *British chaplain.*
Anne Leslie.
Marion Leslie, *cousin to* Anne.
British Spy.
First and Second Soldiers.

Time—Christmas eve, 1782.
Place—Tavern on Albany road, within the American lines.

INTERIOR OF TAVERN.

Enter Gratz, Parsons, Franklin, *and* James, *preceded by* Host.

Host. Here you are, gentlemen, here you are. This war has wellnigh ruined me, but—

Captain Parsons (*standing before fire*). Ah, but this is nice! Horribly cold to-night. I hope that we can celebrate Christmas in a becoming manner, without having to run out again. Hurry up, John.

Host. Yes, gentlemen, yes—I hurry. This war has—

Parsons. We all know that. What have you got?

Host. What do the gentlemen say?

Franklin. Oh, anything.

James. Only hurry.

Parsons. What is there?

Host. I can give you a punch, sirs, lacking the lemons. This war—

Franklin. What does a man want more? The punch, man, by all means—and haste ye, haste ye. (*Exit* Host.) We can do without the lemons: they are the sour things of life. A Christmas punch, boys, and we drink to—

James. Merry Christmas!

Parsons. Well suggested, lad: you have a quick brain.

[*The officers throw off their cloaks and gather around the fire.*

Franklin. The Colonel will be glad when he can join us. Whew! how it blows! No roving Britisher will be astir to-night.

Parsons. Nay, this is the General's weather, and they watch closely to-night lest he give them another surprise. They look for Old Nick, not the Saint.

James. A pun—a bad pun—a bad name! What is the penalty?

Franklin. }
Gratz. } A song!

Parsons. Anything, so I pay not for the punch. Congress, methinks, has forgotten Captain Frank Parsons, and if they remember him, they have forgotten his pay.

(*Sings.*)

Ho! Love is a roving knight!
He wars on defenceless hearts;
And none may withstand his might;
He conquers all with his arts.
He wounds the soldier, he wooes the maid;
Many the sorry tricks he has played;
Be not too sure, nor be ye afraid
Of Love and his magic darts.

Chorus (*in which all join*).

Then, ho! for Love as a merry, merry knight,
And wish him all success.
Soon may we meet; with Love victor in the fight
Will mean true happiness.

Enter Host *with punch-bowl. While singing chorus they fill their glasses.*

Franklin (*standing*). A toast, comrades. (*All hold glasses aloft.*) To the fairest.

All. To—the fairest. [*They drink, and take their seats.*

Parsons. There will be no dispute as to her.

All. To her! [*They sing the chorus again.*

James (*rising*). Let me propose—to the winner!

Parsons (*rising*). Egad, I hope I drink to myself. I like to drink on a winter's night to myself, for myself, any way except by myself.

James. To the winner!

All. To the winner! [*They sit down.*

Parsons (*gravely*). Comrades, we have fought side by side, and God knows how long we may continue to fight. We are good true friends, I trust, all of us. We may not meet together again—one of us may fall to-morrow. We have drunk 'to her' and to the winner, each thinking of himself. There is but one to whom we drink.

Gratz. Humph.

Parsons (*continuing*). There is but one. To-night, boys, is Christmas eve. Let us put aside all self, and be brothers in heart as we have been brothers in arms. We all love the same, and may she choose the one that will make her happiest!

James. I will join with you, Parsons.

Franklin. And I. (*They shake hands.*) How now, Count, are you not with us?

Gratz. Ach, in arms, yes; in friendship, yes. I join you in friendship—I put my hand upon it—but I am no rival. I haf no rival. [*They laugh and shake hands.*

James (*sadly*). I'm afraid that there is little chance for me. The lady Anne knows all, and I—I know as little now of what fortune hath in store for me as I knew before I had opened my lips.

Parsons. And I—I too have spoken.

Franklin. So have I. It is strange that none of us has received an answer.

Gratz. It is the fortune of a soldier. Ach! I know my liebchen's heart. She hath a tongue and a mind.

Parsons. She'll need both, Count, with you, I warrant. [*They laugh.*

Franklin. 'Tis wondrous strange we have no word, I say. Is it her Tory father?

Parsons. Ay, her Tory father! It is he that binds her lips. He hath his eye upon some gay blade in New York. A lord, I believe—a general in the army; and mayhap my lady flies high too.

Franklin (*stoutly*). No!

James. With that thought I could drive the whole red-coated crew down into the bay myself alone.

Gratz (*grimly*). Don't try it.

Parsons. The words were born of my fear, not my heart. I pray her love be with the Continental army.

Gratz. 'Tis a big army yet, though bullets have done their work.

Parsons. Say rather, then, her love be with a blue-clad—(*looks at* James)— I was about to say Captain, lad, but you have not got the commission yet, so I'll make it—with a blue-clad officer.

James. I thank you. I fear that any express from Congress bearing that commission would rather let it wait until the spring. It is hard travelling now.

Franklin. Boys, I feel that our fate will be decided this Christmas eve—I know not why. But despite the winter night, despite the Tory father, she will make known her choice.

James. Amen!

Parsons. 'Tis time we drink again. Let us have one long draught, and drink confusion to the Tory Leslie and the Tory lord.

[*They drink. As they set down their glasses a shot is heard outside, and a cry.*

Franklin. At it again! Arms, lads, arms!

[*They seize their cloaks and hats, and run to the door,* Parsons *last.*

Parsons (*as he goes out*). I'm thankful that last drink was a deep one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter after a moment from side door Anne *and* Marion Leslie, *accompanied by* Host.

Host. They have fled. They have fled without settling their score. This war, ladies, is an awful thing.

Marion. Who have fled? You told us there was a single officer here—not several.

Host. Only one was to pay, my lady, so I forgot the other three; but they have all gone without paying.

Anne. They will doubtless return in a moment.

Marion. What shall we do?

Anne (*to* Host). Good sir, prepare, I beg of you, another room, and bid your wife come to us.

Host (*turning*). This war, this war, this— [*Exit.*

[Marion *and* Anne *stand before the fire.*

Marion (*tearfully turning to her cousin*). What can we do? What is to happen? Oh, why did we ever come?

Anne (*stoutly*). Come? I would have come though every flake of falling snow were a bullet. What is to happen I know not. What might have happened fills me with horror at the thought. To-night I would have wed. General Trafft arrived at the house to-night, and my father bade me to prepare for the wedding. The chaplain, he said, had been ordered to follow—to pass the American lines on a plea of mercy, to say he was to attend to the sick. To-night I would have wed the man I have seen but twice and *hate.* My father would have it so. Better seek the protection of brave men than to wed a coward who would force a defenceless woman to do his will. [*Noise outside.*

Marion. Listen! What was that?

Anne. The officers are returning. Let us go out until we learn who they are, or if we know them.

[*They pass through side door, leaving it a trifle ajar, so that they may listen.*

Enter officers with Colonel Barlow *and* Rev. Cyril Carleton.

Parsons. Come, come, chaplain. After your fright you must needs recover your spirits in a glass of punch. Spirits to make spirits.

Carleton (*hesitating*). I—I—I—

Parsons (*handing him a glass*). Drink, sir, and we will be ready to join with you in drinking the second.

[*The officers proceed to fill their glasses, excepting* Colonel Barlow, *who goes over to the chaplain.*

Colonel Barlow. You say, sir, that you are bound upon an errand of mercy. Our men have orders to admit your cloth within the lines upon such occasions, and I regret that you should have been halted by a shot. Fortunately for you, the sentry was too cold to shoot straight. But let me ask you, sir, have you come by any information?

Carleton (*producing note*). This was given to me this afternoon. It is from my General, and—and I have obeyed his orders badly.

Colonel Barlow (*takes the note and reads*). "You will pass the American lines after dark *upon an errand of mercy.* Come to Mr. Leslie's house, the first above the tavern on the right of the road. I will explain. Do not bring this note.—Trafft."

James. }
Parsons. } Mr. Leslie's!

Franklin. The General!

James. Can she be ill! On an errand of mercy!

Gratz. She? Vat—oh—yes, I guess maybe.

Parsons. How can the General have found out? There is some mystery here. I will go with you.

James. }
Franklin. } And I.

Colonel Barlow. Gentlemen—gentlemen—how is this? You cannot go now.

Parsons. Not go?

James. But, Colonel—

Franklin. Let me explain.

Gratz. Ach, Himmel, it may be her!

Colonel Barlow. Softly, gentlemen. Let me tell you. You cannot go now. Chaplain, I am forced to hold you a prisoner, but you shall proceed on your errand under an escort. I will deprive no possibly dying person of your comfort. Captain Parsons, gentlemen, I must hold you within call. *You may be needed to-night!*

James (*aside*). Anne! Anne!

[*Door moves slightly, scuffle outside. Two soldiers enter with prisoner.*

Colonel Barlow. Hullo! What's this?

First Soldier. Jest caught creepin' through a field, Colonel!

Second Soldier (*proudly*). *I* shot him—in the arm.

Colonel Barlow. Search him! (*They bring forth a letter, which is handed to the* Colonel, *who reads.*) "Captain Blair,—Be in waiting near the American lines to-night to rescue me if necessary. I will come through the woods south of the post-road, where it is lightly guarded. Advance if shots are exchanged. *I bring my bride!*"

Parsons (*wildly*). Colonel, let me speak.

Franklin. It means everything.

James. The note lies! We will prove it!

Colonel Barlow (*perplexed*). What does this all mean? I do not understand.

Parsons (*hurriedly*). We, all of us, love Miss Leslie. We believe she is forced into this marriage. Here is the chaplain. The General waits at Mr. Leslie's. Let us go and capture him.

Franklin. Yes, Colonel; we four.

Gratz (*aside*). If I only knew which one!

[*Door is pushed open, discovering* Marion *and* Anne. *All start back in wonder. For a moment there is silence. Then* Anne *runs forward.*

Anne. Peter!

[*Throws herself into* James's *arms.* Gratz *rushes to meet* Marion. *The others gaze fixedly at the couple. Then* Parsons *turns to the table, seizes a glass and holds it aloft.*

Parsons. She has spoken. To the winner!

All. To the winner!

[Curtain.]

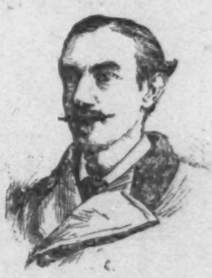
PERSONAL.

Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, who recently resigned her position of matron at the Barge Office in New York, distinguished herself some years ago by a deed of great heroism. Her husband, who was captain of a sailing vessel, died suddenly at sea, and the mutinous crew attempted to take charge of the ship. Mrs. Wilson thereupon drove the sailors back to their posts at the mouth of a revolver, and succeeded by unremitting effort in bringing the vessel safely into port.

—C. C. Antoine, who was recently convicted in New Orleans of obtaining money by false pretences, has twice been Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana—once in 1874, when Kellogg was Governor, and again in 1876, when S. B. Packer occupied the gubernatorial seat. He is a full-blooded negro, and was at one time a barber, but his ability gave him prominence as a politician.

—Louis Kossuth is again reported to be dying, and his illness is this time of so grave a character as to make it unlikely that his feeble strength can combat it. The aged hero of Hungarian independence is past ninety, and for many years he has lived an exile in Turin. His home there has been in a mediæval palace, now in a state of dilapidation, and he has practically secluded himself among his books. He is the last survivor of the band of devoted men whom he led by the power of his oratory and enthusiasm to struggle to keep Hungary free. He was Governor of the republic at the time it fell, in 1849, and visited America in 1851 to enlist sympathy for the Hungarian cause. In his prime Kossuth was one of the leading orators of Europe, and it has been said of him that he "was eloquent in four languages." In his old age he is of patriarchal appearance, with his flowing white beard, and the scant locks on the top of his head are covered by the plain skull-cap he wears at all times.

—Joel Chandler Harris, the "Uncle Remus" of current literature, lives near Atlanta, on a small estate thickly grown with trees, vines, and flowers, among which magnolias and Cape jasmines predominate. There is a happy family of six children in the house, and the author leads an existence that is an agreeable combination of city and country life. Mrs. Harris raises her own poultry and attends to her pet Jersey cows with maternal solicitude, while her husband, who was reared on a plantation, drinks a glass of buttermilk with his noontime dinner with all the gusto of youth.



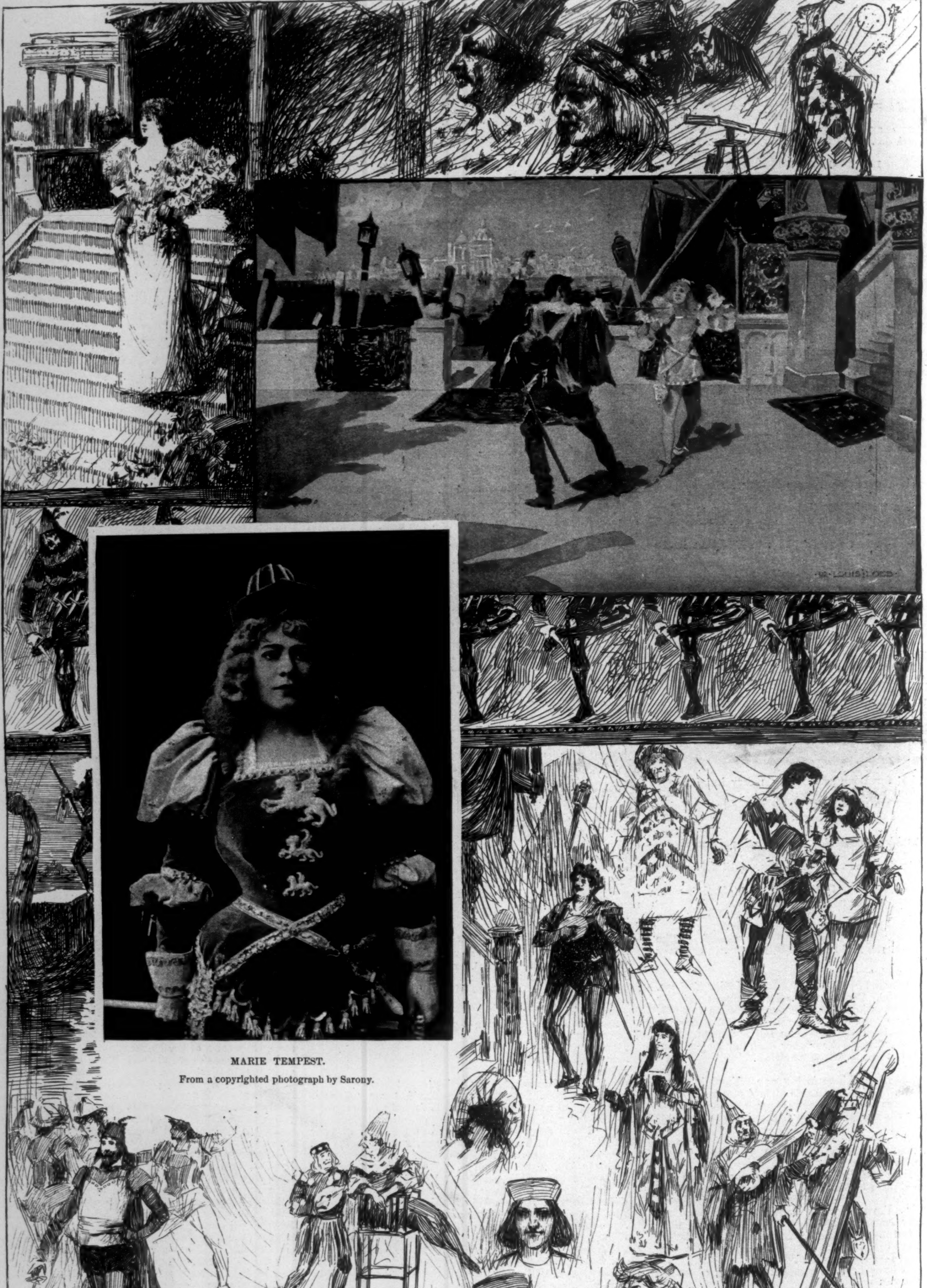
—Lord Dunraven, who will send a yacht over next year to race for the *America's* cup, is a man of many parts. He served creditably as Under-Secretary for the Colonies during Lord Salisbury's administration, and has evinced much public spirit. He is also a noted sportsman, and for some years held a ranch in Colorado, visiting it very often. During these visits he made many friends in this country, among whom he is extremely popular. Lord Dunraven is not what is called a rich man in these days of multi-millionaires, but he is sufficiently provided with money to allow him to indulge in yachting, which is generally an expensive luxury.

—Miss Elita Proctor Otis made a very successful *début* as a professional actress at the Globe Theatre in Boston last week in *The Crust of Society.* For several years she has been one of the most prominent amateur actresses in New York, and her work in such impersonations as Lady Teazle, Pauline, Lady Gay Spanker, and as Susanne in the *Scrap of Paper* was so finished that she received many lucrative offers to adopt the stage as a profession. Miss Otis is a tall woman, a blonde, with a fine figure and a sympathetic voice. Her knowledge of the stage is so extensive, and her hold on an audience so positive, that a brilliant career is expected of her. Her theatrical name is Edythe Proctor.

—The culmination during the recent campaign of the popularity of William C. Whitney, who is now at the zenith of his fame as a politician, is likely to add to Mrs. Whitney's great prominence as a society leader. Mrs. Whitney made her *début* in society as a girl in Cleveland with the great wealth of the Payne family to give her prestige, and her successful social career there has been repeated in great part in Washington and New York. She will be aided in extending her hospitality this season by her daughter, Miss Pauline Whitney, for whose entrance into society a coming-out party was recently given. Miss Whitney is a young woman of very distinguished appearance and elegant manner, a brilliant musician, and a fine French and German scholar.

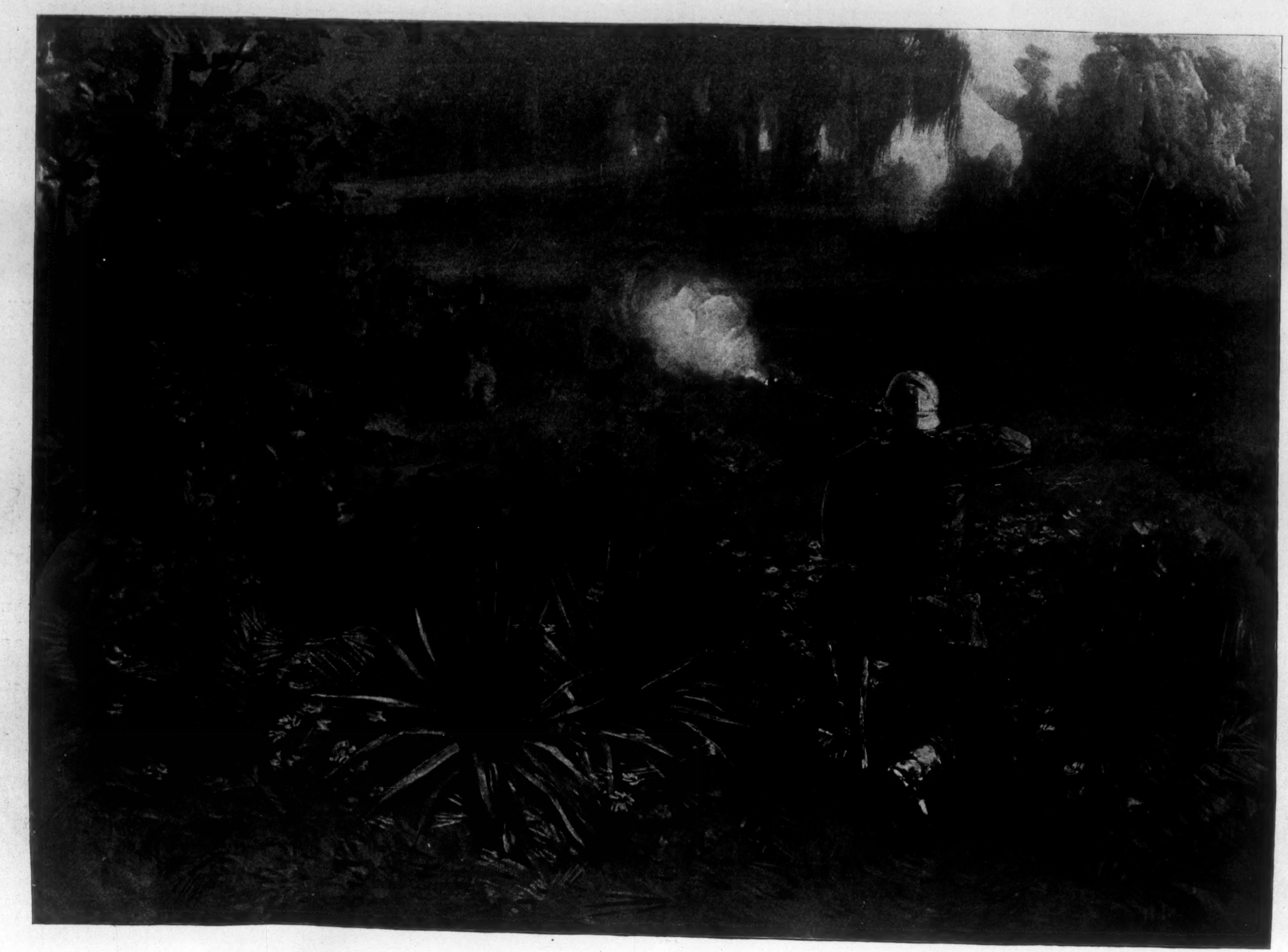
—Edmund Yates says, in the *World* of London, Baron Hirsch's brother-in-law, Senator Montefiore-Levi, who presides very ably over the Brussels Monetary Conference, hit on a novel and most successful mode of entertaining his fellow-commissioners on Friday evening. He rented the Parc Theatre, engaged Coquelin Aîné and his troupe from Paris to play the *Taming of the Shrew*, and decorated the whole of the house with palms, orchids, and hot-house flowers. Such a brilliant scene has not been witnessed in Brussels within the memory of the present generation. The *fine fleur* of Belgian society mustered in full force, but no prettier toilets were to be seen than those worn by Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, Mrs. McCreary, of Kentucky, Lady Lily Greene, Lady Winefride Cary-Elwes, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Adam, and Mrs. Clay-Ker-Seymer. Amongst the English and American guests present were Senators Jones and Allison, Mr. James McCreary, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Dana Horton, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Sir C. Fremantle, and Mr. Bertram Currie. The display of diamonds was only equalled by the display of old lace. Every lady received on entering a bouquet of orchids and a satin bag of bonbons.

—The Princess Kantakuzene, who accompanies her husband to Washington, where he will occupy the post of Russian Minister to the United States, has long been one of the celebrated beauties of St. Petersburg. She is the daughter of the Grand-Duke Nicholas and the famous dancer Tschislova, whom the Grand-Duke loved devotedly for twenty-five years.



MARIE TEMPEST.
From a copyrighted photograph by Sarony.

"THE FENCING-MASTER."—Drawn by Louis Loeb.—[See Page 1230.]

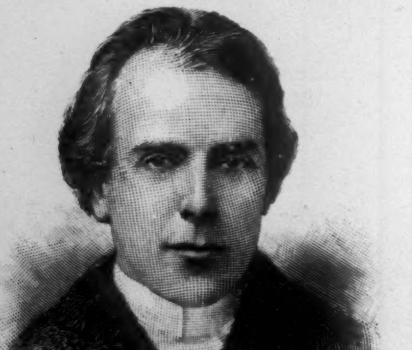


A DEER HUNT IN LOUISIANA.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

Music and Drama

It has taken the American public, accustomed to the somewhat rough-and-tumble and boisterous methods of comedy which have obtained here of late years, some time to appreciate Mr. E. S. Willard, the eminent English actor, at his full value as an artist. Mr. Willard came prominently before the public first through the medium of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays, and for some time the question was mooted in England as to whether Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had made Mr. Willard, or Mr. Willard had made Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. As a matter of fact, each man, for the time being, at any rate, was necessary as a complement to the other. There are a concentration and earnestness of purpose, a nervous energy and repressed force, about Mr. Jones's style of dramatic writing which seem eminently suited both to Mr. Willard's personality and artistic methods. As an actor, Mr. Willard is, perhaps, most remarkable for that much-to-be-desired quality, repose; but his effects are none the less forcible because quietly made, none the less impressive because as far as possible removed from the clang and clatter of that boisterous art which tries to impress an audience by deafening it. Mr. Willard, too, is a rarely finished actor. His dramatic perceptions are keenly analytical, and his conceptions carefully thought out and elaborated to the minutest detail. More than this, he possesses a quality, now becoming constantly rarer in these days of long theatrical runs, that of versatility. He is naturally, first and foremost, a character-actor, but he is at home in and equally happy in his impersonations of a great variety of characters. This question of versatility, or, more correctly speaking, well-rounded balance and finish, is becoming a very important one in dramatic art at the present time. In the good old-fashioned days of stock companies, when any member of them might be required to play half a dozen different parts in the course of a week, an actor had a much better opportunity of acquiring variety and versatility in style and method than he has to-day, when, if he be successful, he is required to play perhaps one or two characters a year, or even less.

If any evidence were needed of Mr. Willard's versatility and admirable artistic methods, it would be supplied by the two characters in which he has been seen at the Star Theatre during the past week, in the somewhat old-fashioned farce, *My Wife's Dentist*, and Sidney Grundy's comedy, *A Fool's Paradise*. One could not help feeling on seeing so merry a trifle as *My Wife's Dentist* that it was a pity that farces of this style had to a great extent gone out of fashion, as they gave to an actor the opportunity for a lightness of touch and a heartiness of humor which now appear on the stage only to be burlesqued, as in the modern so-called farce comedy. If Mr. Grundy's ability for construction and characterization were equal to his facility for writing crisp and telling dialogue, *A Fool's Paradise* would be a better play than it is. But the rounded excellence of Mr. Willard's impersonation of Sir Peter Lund would be sufficient to make a much poorer play not only interesting, but attractive. The character is in some respects a conventional one on the stage, and in Mr. Willard's hands, perhaps, assumes a prominence a little out of proportion with the principal interest of the piece. But one is disposed to forgive this and other imperfections in view of the admirable way it is played by Mr. Willard, and on account of the opportunity which it gives him of presenting a perfect and well-considered study of character. The part may not be a great one, and thus may not offer opportunities for greatness in acting, but it certainly enables one to see how thoroughly finished is Mr. Willard's art, how carefully considered and keen is his perception of dramatic effect, and how thorough and finished his methods, both in action and repose. It is pleasant to note that earnestness and conscientiousness of artistic purpose and methods which are willing and able to subordinate personality in the proper presentation of a well-considered artistic conception. Mr. Willard is one of the few actors on the stage to-day who are invariably successful in doing this, and the fact that his methods are sincere and impressive makes his art all the more effective, admirable, and acceptable.



MR. E. S. WILLARD.

If *Thérèse Raquin*, the play taken from Zola's novel of the same name, which was presented to a New York public at the Union Square Theatre for the first time last week, is immoral, unnatural, inconsequent, or repulsive, it is because human nature in and of itself is equally so. Whatever may be thought of M. Zola's ideas of art, or of his manner and method of expressing them, it cannot be denied that he is a close observer and student of human nature, and that his delineations of the foibles and follies, the vices and crimes, of that nature, are always accurate and true to life. The dramatic stage must certainly be considered as part of the domain of art, and the question as to whether the incidents of such a story as that of *Thérèse Raquin* properly form a subject for dramatic treatment opens up the whole vexed question between art and realism, which is too long to be discussed here. If the play is dull, as has been stated, the fact may surely be quoted as an argument in support of M. Zola's theory that vice in and of itself is both dull and repulsive, and that the best way to bring that fact home to mankind is to present it to them shorn of all glamour and glitter, in all its inherent and naked hideousness. The interest excited by this play is a suggestive indication of the prevalence of that prurient curiosity and satiety which attract people to the horrible, the repulsive, and the unnatural, in search of emotions which they find it impossible to obtain in any other way. Any dramatic work which obviously panders to a desire for such emotions cannot be considered either worthy or desirable from any stand-point, dramatic or artistic.

The following details in regard to Verdi's new opera, *Falstaff*, will be of interest. *Falstaff* is really an opera-bouffe in three acts and six scenes, in which both composer and librettist have engaged in a friendly rivalry as to which should excel in gayety, spirit, and a humor which sometimes amounts to buffoonery. In spite of his seventy-nine years, Verdi is said to have carried off the palm, as the music is reported as being even funnier than the book. The work is fully as long as *Otello*, and will occupy in consequence an entire evening. After its production at La Scala, in Milan, it will be played in Genoa, Rome, and Venice. The title rôle was especially written for Maurel, who will be off the stage only seven minutes during the entire piece. The music for the rôle of *Falstaff* fairly bristles with vocal difficulties—scales, trills, and the like—to the extent that Maurel, in spite of his great experience, stared in astonishment when it was shown him. Reassured by the composer, he accepted the part, but only on condition that he should have three months to study it alone, and eight days with Verdi himself. Maurel has taken great pains with the make-up of the character, and has ordered a wig of a peculiar and novel kind, which covers head, forehead, neck, and chin; the color of the hair is red streaked with gray, the chin enormous, and the stomach colossal. The score is written for two barytones, two light tenors, two bass bouffos, a contralto, a mezzo-soprano, and two soubrettes. Verdi is at present rehearsing personally the whole cast in the Doria Palace at Genoa.

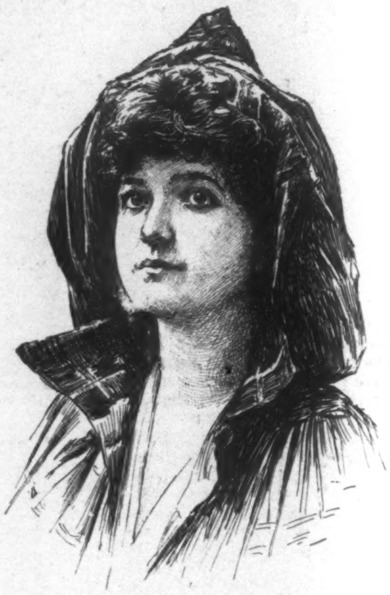
In regard to a statement recently made in this column, in good faith and on good authority, that the subscriptions for the concerts of the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago had fallen off this year, Miss Amy Fay, a whilom Chicago pianist and pupil of Liszt, writes to a musical contemporary that, "as a matter of fact, the subscriptions for the concerts of the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago had doubled this year, and the press is most enthusiastic in its praise." Although, as a sister-in-law of Mr. Thomas, Miss Fay's statement may be thought to have a somewhat *ex parte* flavor, it is sincerely to be hoped that her account of the situation is the correct one, in spite of well-authenticated reports to the contrary. From its position and importance as the capital city of the great Northwest, Chicago can and does exert an enormous influence on a very large section of the country. It must, therefore, be of exceeding value to the musical interests of that portion of the country to have a first-class orchestral organization permanently established in that centre, which may diffuse musical light throughout the surrounding country. Chicago has hitherto not enjoyed musical advantages in proportion to its size and importance as a great centre; neither would one think that such advantages as it has had have been properly appreciated. The fifty guarantors of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra are therefore doing good work in the musical interests of this country, and it is sincerely to be hoped that their efforts in the right direction may receive the encouragement which they deserve. In this connection Miss Fay takes the opportunity to observe further that in New York, at the present time, "there is any quantity of amiability and much poor playing"; and further remarks, "The Chicago public is more exacting." One is inclined to wonder whether it is for this reason that Miss Fay, as a pianist, has changed her residence from Chicago to New York.

It is announced that Mr. Rudolph Aronson has just received from Messrs. Chudens's Sons, Paris, the manuscript libretto and score of Varney's latest operetta, *Le Brillant Achille*, now playing in Paris, with Théo in the leading rôle. This announcement seems hardly to be in accord with Mr. Aronson's recently expressed intention to devote the Casino exclusively to the production of operas and operettas by American composers. According to local criticism, *Le Brillant Achille* is a vaudeville operetta of the style of *Miss Helyett*, the book, which deals with the gallant adventures of a great lady-killer, recounted in the usual explicit French manner, being little more than a second edition of *Le Maître des Forges;* and one critic says, further, that if there is any more gayety in the copy than in the original, one would never suspect it. One well-known critic says of the music, "While waiting for something like serious lyric art, Mr. Varney has undertaken to make the violins sing along prettily, and has happily accomplished his task."

One of the most interesting productions promised by Mr. Daly this season is a poetic play illustrative of the life and people of old Japan, entitled *The Queen of Smiles*. This will be given with the costumes, stage settings, and properties exactly as plays are given in Japan, and the piece will be doubly interesting not only as a dramatic work, but also as a study drawn from life of the manners and customs of a most original and picturesque people. Apropos, it is said that Pierre Loti has made a libretto for a comic opera from his fascinating Japanese sketch *Madame Chrysanthème*, the music for which is to be written by Messager. It is also reported that M. Loti is engaged upon a dramatization of his master-work, *Les Pécheurs d'Islande*. One would think that M. Loti was as unwise in this latter project as he is happy in the former one. The drama has, first and foremost, to do with the development of thought in action. *Pécheurs d'Islande* is purely a psychological and descriptive work, which tells the story of a mind rather than a life. Of actual incident in the book there is but little, and it will be difficult to see how the psychological growth and development of a purely mental attitude can be even represented on the stage, and, even were that possible, how it could be made dramatically interesting. It is to be feared that M. Loti will spoil a most perfect book in order to make a bad play—bad, at least, from a strictly dramatic standard.

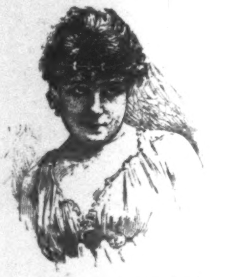
We have one and all suffered at various times from the peripatetic organ-grinder, and the ambulatory fiend with the mechanical piano, and other musical atrocities which are permitted to roam about at will. The different way in which these vagrant minstrels are viewed, from a legal point of view, in different countries, is rather curious. In Spain, for instance, one broad line of demarcation is drawn: wandering musicians who play the guitar are considered to be artists, and are allowed to exercise their talents; but those who play on hand-organs and other instruments are prosecuted with vigor. Oh, happy Spain! In Russia, on the other hand, a very simple solution of the problem has been made in true Tartar style. There no variety of street music is tolerated at all, and every stranger who attempts any musical performance in the street is immediately expelled from the country. Such an absolutely beneficent law goes far to excuse or even justify Russian tyranny in other directions. In Italy only persons above the age of eighteen years can take out a license. Infractions of this law are very severely punished, which accounts for very many of our American musical nuisances. It may not be generally known that in this city the number of licenses which may be issued to itinerant musicians is limited to 300, the license costing one dollar per year. The wandering fiends are only permitted to play between the hours of nine in the morning and seven in the evening, and then may only approach within 500 feet of schools, studios, asylums, and hospitals, and only within 250 feet of any house whose proprietor elects to compel them to keep that distance. An infringement of these regulations renders the offender liable to have his license revoked. Our sufferings in this respect might, perhaps, be mitigated were this regulation more generally known. In Paris it is well known that the itinerant musicians form a regular corporation, of which certain members, especially those who play in the courts of hotels and public buildings, earn very good salaries, and sometimes even amass enough to retire on a competency. The persistent promulgation of this fact might tend to an Italian exodus Parisward, which perhaps would not be undesirable.

The first performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, which occurred on Thursday of last week, leaves one in considerable doubt as to the scope, purpose, and utility of that institution from a dramatic stand-point. The ostensible end and aim of the organization is to encourage the artistic and literary side of dramatic art by the public presentation of such plays, dramas, sketches, and dramatic impressions as, through the possessing of qualities and merits apart from their mere suitability for stage purposes, or their interest for the general public, should be deemed worthy of consideration by the *cognoscenti*, though they might fail to commend themselves, for lack of practical value, to theatrical managers bent only on dollars and cents. As this first performance was received with much attention and no little applause by one of the most brilliant and representative audiences ever assembled in a New York theatre, and as the two plays or "dramatic impressions" presented were well staged, fairly well acted, and moved smoothly, the début of the new Theatre of Arts and Letters may be considered, in a certain way at least, as successful. But the value or utility to art in general, or dramatic art in particular, to be derived from the public presentation of two such plays as those chosen, presumably to illustrate the purpose and aim of the Theatre of Arts and Letters at its first public performance, seems a little hard to discover.



MISS KUHNE BEVERIDGE,
Who made her début in *Drifting*.

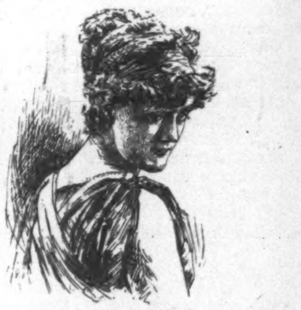
The first play or "sketch," *Drifting*, a dramatic trifle in one act, by Mrs. Emma V. Sheridan-Fry and Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, two Boston ladies who wish to be known by the dramatic *nom de plume* of "Evan Sherland," though slight, and giving the impression of a magazine story transferred bodily to the stage, was clever both in idea and treatment. While lacking practical dramatic value it proved of interest, and in so far served as an illustration of the fundamental ideas and theories which led to its production. The second play was a "dramatic impression," in four acts, by Mr. F. J. Stimson (also of Boston, and known to the literary world as "J. S. of Dale," through various stories and articles of merit), entitled *Mary Maberly*. It would be difficult to see what purpose was served by the production of this piece, as it



EMMA V. SHERIDAN-FRY,
One of the Authors of *Drifting*.

was found to possess neither dramatic value, inherent interest, nor intrinsic literary merit. Impressionist methods may be all very well in painting, but they have no place in dramatic writing, if Mr. Stimson's play is to be taken as an indication, for a duller entertainment, or one more devoid of either point or significance than that afforded by its representation could hardly be imagined.

There is certainly a field of great artistic usefulness and interest open to the Theatre of Arts and Letters, as there are many plays written which do possess a value and interest—as, for instance, those of Ibsen and Browning—quite apart from their dramatic qualities; and to encourage the writing of such plays by affording an opportunity for their adequate public presentation is to encourage and elevate art and the stage in every way and from every stand-point. The Theatre of Arts and Letters can hardly hope to fill any sphere of usefulness by becoming a mere school for tyros in dramatic art, and great care and judgment must be used in the selection of plays to be performed under its auspices to enable it to fulfil its promises, and realize the objects and theories which led to its organization as an institution which should play a practical and useful part in its chosen field of action. The function of last Thursday served to introduce to the New York public two very pretty women, and two actresses of decided charm and promise—at least so far as their limited opportunities would permit one to judge—in the persons of Miss Kuhne Beveridge, the sculptress, and Miss Dorothy Dene.



MISS DOROTHY DENE,

Who made her first appearance in this country at the initial performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.

In this world of progress, even that section of society which devotes considerable time to the pursuit of polite pleasure must always have provided for it new methods of amusement. The grand opera that has been given in New York for many winters past had come to be looked upon by many as almost a necessary luxury. The burning in the summer of the Metropolitan Opera-house made it nearly impossible to have opera this winter. As opera does not pay in the same sense that ordinary dramatic ventures do, but needs to be subsidized by the owners of boxes, there was no enterprise equal to repairing the damage to the opera-house and holding the season on time. Previous to this disaster several gentlemen who believed that there was room for another kind of social amusement in New York organized the Vaudeville Club, for the purpose of giving entertainments which should supplement in some sense the regular theatre, and also give the ladies and gentlemen who did not care to go to the music halls now open in New York an entertainment somewhat similar in character, but so hedged about that nothing indelicate should ever be produced.

There was encouragement for the club as soon as its purpose was mentioned; but the destruction of the Opera-house gave a great impetus to the club, which is now organized quite successfully, and will be opened on the evening of January 15th. The moving spirits in the organization have been Messrs. De Koven, Teall, and Tucker—all men of enterprise and energy. The rules of the club are in several regards much stricter than those of any other New York club. For instance, that hospitable rule of city clubs which permits a member to make of any stranger visiting the city an honorary member, with all the privileges of the club, will not obtain in the Vaudeville. In this club none but members are admitted.

But there will be another way in which, as guests, non-members, even though residents of New York, can enjoy the entertainments of the club. There will be a number of boxes in the club theatre or hall, and into these any one introduced by a member who has secured a box can go. This arrangement will enable a member giving a dinner party, for instance, to take all of his party to the club and see the performance.

New York after the theatres are out in the evening is a very dull place for polite people not ready to go home. There are, of course, public places of resort, but they do not in the least answer the purpose that the Vaudeville is intended for. After dinner it is the exception rather than the rule that people care to sup, and at present there are no other gathering places than those where eating is the primary object. Of course, in the club those who wish to sup can do so, but there are other things also to be enjoyed. There will not only be good music and fragments of light opera, but a general variety performance of a high character. This place being so exclusive in character, and not a competitor of the established theatres and regular places of amusement, there will be no objection on the part of managers to having the prominent among their people do a turn at the Vaudeville. For instance, there can be no doubt that had the Vaudeville been established several years ago, Carmencita would have been seen upon its stage, and society would not have been obliged to go to the pains and troubles it did to get a glimpse of this Spanish dancer and her graceful posturings. So, also, any singer either in comic opera or at one of the places similar to that in which Carmencita was to be seen every night will be secured for the Vaudeville performances.

In London, at various times, there have flourished clubs somewhat similar in scope, and they have always continued to prosper until some reckless impropriety on the part of members or guests seemed to make them unsafe places of resort to those who were sensitive as to appearances and nice in their regard for decorum. The list of membership of the Vaudeville seems to be a guarantee that this new club will never suffer in any such way. Here are some of the names taken from the list of members: J. J. Astor, R. Percy Alden, C. C. Baldwin, F. H. Bangs, Thurlow Weed Barnes, Robert Lenox Belknap, S. M. Blatchford, Wilbur A. Bloodgood, S. W. Boocock, James L. Breese, C. C. Buel, Carroll Bryce, Hugh N. Camp, Le Grand Cannon, John A. Carter, Professor C. F. Chandler, Thomas B. Clarke, Charles A. Coe, F. R. Coudert, Paul D. Cravath, Charles F. Crocker, S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Eric B. Dahlgren, Henry Day, Reginald De Koven, A. J. Drexel, Jun., J. R. Drexel, Elisha Dyer, Jun., Dr. J. Duncan Emmet, Rev. Jared B. Flagg, Theodore Frelinghuysen, John C. Furman, General E. Burd Grubb, John Hay, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Robert Hoe, Albert La Montagne, Robert P. Linderman, F. H. Prince, James P. Scott, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Bonsall Taylor, Oliver Sumner Teall, Preble Tucker, W. K. Vanderbilt, W. A. Wadsworth, Stanford White, and Henry R. Wolcott.

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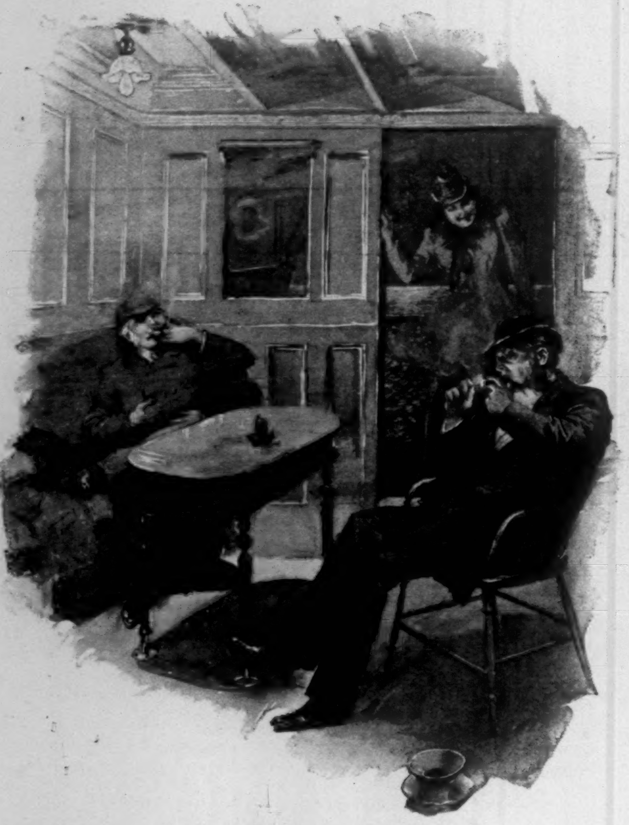
A SMOKING-ROOM ACQUAINTANCE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

IT was late in the evening, and two gentlemen were alone in the steamer's smoking-room. Though Christmas was past and the new year fairly begun, and though the steamer was only a few hours out of New York, the doors and windows were open and a soft southerly breeze blew through the room. Both gentlemen were smoking, and both were locking for an opportunity to open a conversation; but each held back in fear that the other might prove unsociable.



"BOTH GENTLEMEN WERE SMOKING."

The barrier that stands between two dignified strangers might never have been broken but for the sudden appearance of a beautiful girl, a picture of health and happiness, who brought in from the deck such rosy cheeks and smiling eyes that it was useless for her waving hair and feathery wrap streaming in the breeze to try to conceal them.

"Good-night, papa," the new-comer exclaimed, throwing her arms around one gentleman's neck and kissing him; "mamma and I are tired of waiting for you, and we're going to bed."

"To bed!" said the recipient of this enviable embrace; "I'm surprised that such an old sailor should speak of going to bed aboard ship. If you mean that you and mamma are about to turn in, I wish you pleasant dreams. But I shall enjoy the moonlight for an hour or two yet."

The girl disappeared as suddenly as she had come; but in thirty seconds she had so warmed the hearts of both men that the ice between them melted away.

"A remarkably smooth sea, this," said the gentleman who had not been kissed. "We seem to be in great luck."

"Oh, I don't know," the other replied; "it's about what I always expect. Indeed, I think I should almost consider myself ill-treated if I found anything else."

"Then I hardly need ask you," said the first speaker, "whether you have been South before, nor whether you like it."

"I go so regularly," the father of the girl answered, "that I hardly know whether I am a Northerner or a Floridian. I took a very sick child to Florida six years ago: a delicate little girl, so white and thin that it brought tears to our eyes to look at her. She was— Well, we had small hope of bringing her back; but it was the last chance, and we took it. She had to be carried to the hotel, and for weeks— But this is a painful subject. Try a fresh cigar—" and under cover of passing his cigar-case he gulped down something in his throat.

"I understand," said the smoker, sympathetically; "you have an affection for the place where you left your little—"

"Not at all," the father replied, brightening up wonderfully. "The little girl came in and kissed me good-night two minutes ago. And if you are a physician, as I am, you will not find a healthier girl in the whole country. It is not for her health that we go now, but for our own comfort and pleasure—and hers, of course. I shall have to admit that I am as fond of comfort as any man I ever saw. I am so fond of it that I often put myself to great inconvenience to find the most comfortable places and things. But when once I find them, we are friends forever. We are all agreed (there are only the three of us) that one of our greatest comforts is our four months in the South every year."

"I am rather fond of comfort myself," said the other gentleman; "and this certainly promises well so far."

"So far!" the father exclaimed. "It is the perfection of comfort; I look forward to it all through the summer. They call it a steamship, this, but it is a hotel—neither more nor less than a vast hotel of the first order. Is there anything to be had in any of the best hotels that we cannot have here? We have fine large rooms, such a table as indeed few hotels pretend to equal, and the beds! Well, you'll soon see for yourself. I have a great weakness for good beds. Did you ever consider that man spends a third of his life in bed? No bad bed ever has the pleasure of my company a second time, if I can help it. Suppose you press that button by your shoulder; take a physician's advice, and try a bottle of Bass and some of those hard Boston crackers and a chip of Roquefort cheese at bedtime; it's sea food for the gods. As I was saying, we come into this hotel in New York, we spend two days in the greatest comfort, and the hotel opens its doors for us in Savannah. It is like an Arabian Nights' tale, isn't it?"

"You have travelled in this ship before, I imagine," said the other gentleman.

"No, this is my first voyage in the *Kansas City*," the father replied. I have come down in several of the other ships of this line, and they are so nearly alike that I pay no attention to selecting a ship. One is as good as another. Let her belong to the Savannah Line and I am safe. I am not one of the stockholders, but I feel a sort of proprietorship in the Savannah Line, because I discovered it. I mean that I spent days and dollars in experimenting with southern routes, and was never perfectly satisfied till I made the voyage in the *Tallahassee* four years ago. Ah, look at that!" he exclaimed; "here are two pictures framed for us. There through the starboard door is the Henlopen light, and a schooner scudding northward under silver sails. But look through the port door! See the moonlight on the water, tipping every little wavelet with a million tiny incandescent lights, and marking the outlines of that north-bound steamer. She must be one of the Havana ships, I imagine. Pshaw! such a night on the water makes an old man romantic in spite of himself."

"It is glorious," said his companion. "But what we shall find in the South I do not feel so sure of. The country is comparatively so new, that to a man who is accustomed to the famous old resorts of Southern Europe I am afraid it must seem rather unvarnished, so to speak."

"Oh, you'll tell another tale in a few days," laughed the father and doctor. "I felt so myself about the South at one time, but those are old-fashioned notions. The South of 'befo' the wah' is what we naturally think of, but not what we see. Why, you've no idea of what you are to see in Savannah and Florida and all over Dixie, if you have not been there before. I hope we may meet later in the season, for I shall be anxious to hear what you think of these places after seeing them. I am Dr. Darling, of Philadelphia, and I am going first to Tampa. Yes, I should be pleased to have your card. Oh, Mr. Banks, of New York. Your name is very familiar, and I am glad to make your acquaintance. Well, Mr. Banks, I am familiar with the South of Europe, and I tell you you have a treat in store. Your first surprise will be in Savannah. You will find Savannah one of the finest cities in America, and the accommodations there far beyond your expectations. You must see the De Soto, even if you have not time to stay there; or if you go to one of the older hotels, you will not be disappointed. Then the whole South lies before you. It is not like going to some island where you must remain. You will find the companies running their newest and best cars through the South in winter, because they have an eye to business. Savannah is the gateway to everything, and you step into a parlor car, and in a few hours you are in Jacksonville, which is another distributing point; or you are in Brunswick, where, if you are fond of shooting and fishing and sailing, Warren Leland will take you in charge in the Oglethorpe, a place that you will hardly consider 'unvarnished.' Or you may in a few hours more be in Asheville, or be breathing the pine odors of Aiken or Thomasville. Or you may go straight on to St. Augustine, where you will find no unvarnished spots. Or if you are fond of really warm weather in winter, as I am, you may go straight down to Tampa, where you will find a hotel that might make the Southern Europeans rise out of their graves with wonder. I wish you were going direct to Tampa with us. We go through more orange groves and handsome Florida cities than I can tell you of. It is a delightful ride of about ten hours from Savannah."

"I am booked for Tampa," Mr. Banks replied; "and you are very kind, I'm sure. But after seeing that rosy-cheeked daughter of yours I am not sure that it would be advisable for us to travel together, for I must tell you that I am going down to meet my son, who has been shooting in South Florida for several weeks."

"Marie!" the doctor exclaimed. "Why, she is nothing but a child; barely past sixteen. No fear of my little girl beginning to break hearts for some years yet."

"My Dick is a young fellow of very good taste," Mr. Banks replied, "and possibly his opinion may differ from ours in some things. But I shall be only too glad to have such pleasant company to Tampa. I want to see something of the Lake Worth country, later in the season."

"So do we," said the doctor. "But we can talk of that to-morrow. My oh, it's after twelve; but it seems a sin to leave such a beautiful scene. However, there's more of it to come, so good-night."

When, about thirty hours later, the doctor and his family and Mr. Banks stepped ashore together at Savannah, Mr. Banks was quite as enthusiastic over the voyage as his friend had been.

"It was simply perfection," said he. "Forty-four hours from New York, with hardly a swell upon the water, and nothing to mar the pleasure of the journey. It is, as you say, travelling in a great floating hotel; but one can hardly grasp the idea of a company sending four such hotels from New York to Savannah every week: hotels built of iron and steel, with a table fit for kings, and beds of down. I have often crossed in the best transatlantic steamships, but I have found the perfection of ocean travel in this little voyage to Savannah. Now, if Florida turns out half as well!"

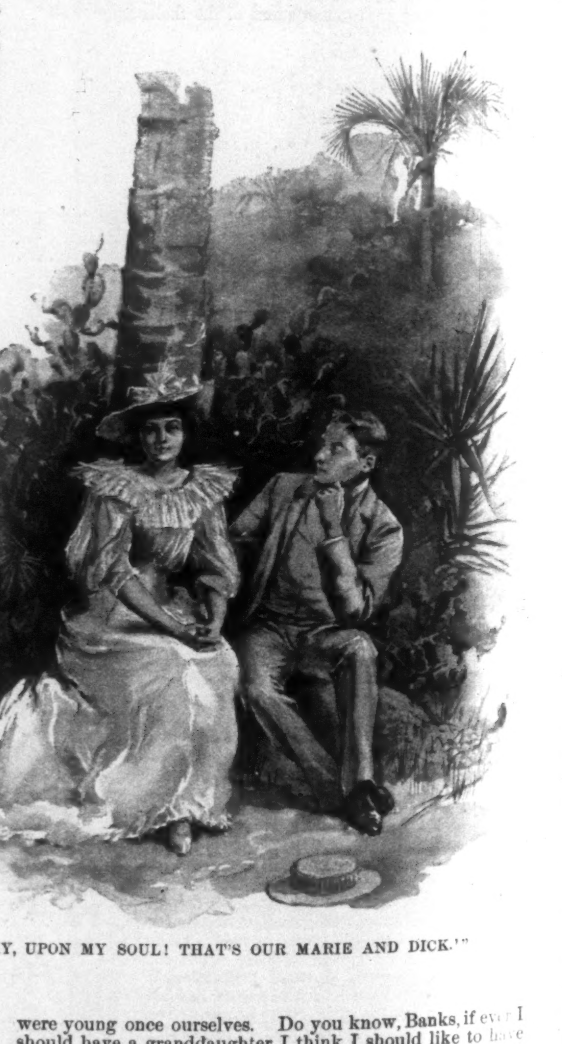
Many a lasting friendship has begun in the cosy smoking-room of the *Kansas City*, and after a few days together at Tampa Dr. Darling and Mr. Banks became fast friends. It was not long, either, before Dick Banks was sportively calling Marie "the little Darling," and she could hardly object to it, because it was only her name. Perhaps it was not judicious to leave Dick behind while Mr. Banks travelled over the State, but parents are not always judicious; sometimes they are even schemers; and nobody seemed either surprised or sorry when Dick and Marie were found together, as often happened. But it was not until, several months later, the party were reunited on the shore of Lake Worth, that the real state of affairs was openly recognized.

The doctor and his friend were walking up the shore of the lake, and Mr. Banks was telling his impressions of Florida.

"You did not tell me the half of it, doctor," he was saying. "I am not only delighted, but simply amazed. Our voyage down together I shall ever remember, for many happy reasons. And as to Florida, my notions were all wrong. Shall I tell you what the State reminds me of? It is like driving out through Orange or some of those suburbs in June, when the flowers are blooming and the soft air is a pleasure to breathe. It is a century in advance of what I imagined. It is not unvarnished, but as smooth throughout as Japanese lacquer. But while I admit that I was mistaken in my notions of Florida, you must own that in some other things I was perfectly right. Look at that."

The doctor put up his glasses and looked where his friend pointed.

"Why, upon my soul!" he exclaimed, "that's our Marie and Dick. Oh! Don't let them hear us. That is too pretty a picture to spoil. See what a romantic spot the youngsters have found. Sitting on a coral rock beneath a cocoanut tree, with a cluster of cactus in the background, and beside them a bed of blooming flowers. Let us turn back; we were young once ourselves. Do you know, Banks, if ever I should have a granddaughter I think I should like to have her called Florida."



"'WHY, UPON MY SOUL! THAT'S OUR MARIE AND DICK.'"

"In memory of happy days!" his friend replied. "And some time I may have a grandson. It might sound odd at first, but I think I should like to have him christened Kansas City."

AMATEVR · SPORT

Lord Dunraven's challenge for the *America's* Cup was formally accepted by the New York Yacht Club at a meeting held Tuesday evening, December 13th. We shall have, therefore, probably the latter part of next September, the first international yacht-race since '87, when General Paine's *Volunteer* successfully defended the Cup against the Scotch cutter *Thistle*.

The New York Yacht Club Committee, composed of General Paine, James D. Smith, Archibald Rogers, Nathan A. Fish, and A. Cass Canfield, have voiced the greater sentiment of their club in stretching that new Deed of Gift to fit the provision of Dunraven's letter. There has never for one moment since that new deed's first public appearance been any doubt of its being unsportsmanlike. It was a great mistake to have put it forth, and that it was so is shown now by the New York Yacht Club in practically ignoring it. American yachtsmen and all sportsmen will feel grateful to the club and its committee for their common-sense course. It only remains now to renounce the new deed altogether, and go back to the one which expressed the spirit of those sportsmen of 1857, and which should never have been tampered with. It is only a question of time when such a step must be taken. The interest in this international race is so widespread we take space to print the challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron in full:

R. Y. S. Castle, Cowes, *November* 25, 1892.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by the Earl of Dunraven to forward you a formal challenge for the *America* Cup on the following conditions, which I understand have been agreed to between Lord Dunraven and the committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club to conduct negotiations and arrange all details, viz.:

First. The length upon the load water-line of the challenging vessel to be the only dimensions required. This to be sent with the challenge, and the Custom-house register to follow as soon as possible.

Second. Any excess over the estimated length on the load water-line of the challenging vessel to count double in calculating time allowance; but the challenging vessel not to exceed, in any case, such estimated length by more than two per cent. The yacht that sails against the challenging vessel not to exceed the estimated length on the load water-line of the challenging vessel by more than two per cent., and any excess of length beyond the estimated length of the challenging vessel on the load water to count double in calculating time allowance; provided that no yacht of the specified rig existing or under construction on October 20, 1892, and available for the use of the New York Yacht Club in defending the Cup, shall be barred or penalized beyond taking or giving the ordinary time allowance according to the New York Yacht Club rules.

Third. It is to be understood and agreed that should the Cup come into the custody of a British yacht club, it shall be held subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those contained in this challenge; provided always that such club shall not refuse a challenge according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887.

I therefore, and on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the squadron, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht *Valkyrie* against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the *America* Cup, and I would suggest that the matches should be sailed in August or September, 1893. Lord Dunraven would be glad if the precise dates can be left open for a time, but if your committee so desire it, he will name an exact date on hearing from them.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel:
Owner, Earl of Dunraven.
Name of yacht, *Valkyrie*.
Rig, cutter.
Length on load water-line, 85 feet.

The Custom-house measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

I shall be much obliged if you will cable me the receipt of this challenge, and let me have a reply by letter as soon as the matter has been laid before the committee.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,
Richard Grant, Secretary Royal Yacht Squadron.

To J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club.

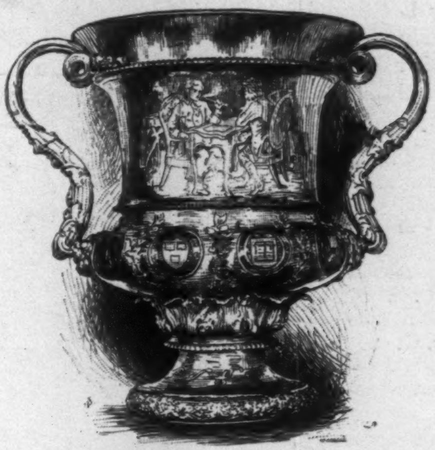
Just who will build to compete for the honor of meeting Lord Dunraven's 85-foot cutter *Valkyrie* is hard to say until the excitement of the moment has passed. Many well-known yachtsmen have been talked of as possible defenders, and among them General Paine, Archibald Rogers, Royal Carroll, the Adams brothers, J. Rogers Maxwell, August Belmont, and C. O. Iselin. Of these, Mr. Carroll has already an 84-footer building by the Herreshoffs, and General Paine is reported to have said he would not build. Two things are, at all events, highly probable—that there will be at least three new yachts in the trial races, and that they will be products of the Bristol firm. The last two seasons have so proved the superiority of the Herreshoff racing-machine that it is entirely likely their skill will shape, and sail too, the yacht chosen to defend the *America's* Cup. On the other side, George L. Watson, the clever young Scottish designer, appears to have worked his way to a position of equal prominence. He will design not only the *Valkyrie*, but several others, including one for the Prince of Wales. If report be true, when Lord Dunraven brings over the challenging yacht *Valkyrie*, he will be accompanied by a small fleet of English racers. It will add greater lustre to a season that already promises to be our most brilliant if the English yachts could reach the American waters in time for the New York Yacht Club cruise and the subsequent events off Newport. The good this international race will do American yachting cannot possibly be overestimated, not the least of its blessings being the building of a new class of racers.

Writing of international racing, it is timely, before leaving the subject, to touch on a proposed eight-oar race between American and English crews next summer. In a recently issued prospectus of J. Astley Cooper's Pan-Britannic Athletic Carnival a race with an American crew is suggested, and published communications from English university authorities promise earnest co-operation. The tenor of all English correspondence is for a contest. Both Oxford and Cambridge appear to be in the spirit of it, and now is the time, therefore, to open correspondence on the subject. It is entirely feasible for either of the British 'varsity crews to come here for our New London week, as their annual struggle comes in April, and that would give at least six weeks for acclimation and acquaintanceship with the course on the Thames. There is no doubt of New London being the place for the race. Last year demonstrated that the course could be kept clear of following craft, and it would be still further improved on in '93.

The choice of an American defender is not so easy a matter. Of course it rests between Yale, Harvard, and Cornell, but how to bring these three crews together is another question. If it were possible for the Cornell crew to enter the Yale-Harvard race at New London, the winner to meet the English eight, it would be simple enough. Such an arrangement would answer two purposes, give Cornell the race they have been wanting so long, and settle the question of rightful defender. Any other arrangement, indeed, seems impracticable, as neither Yale nor Harvard would, scarcely, row Cornell after their race and before a contest with the Englishmen, and it could hardly be determined before the Yale-Harvard contest.

One thing is certain—no university crew of America can meet an English eight for the championship of the college world without first having defeated Cornell.

Another international match which may be worked up for the coming season is that of the New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup. The only flavor of internationality the races for this trophy have had has been given by the annual entry of Ford Jones, the Canadian, a very plucky and skilful canoe sailor. Canoeing in England, although on slightly different lines from those pursued in this country, has developed very considerably since the first race for this Cup. It is doubtful if the lines of the British canoe are so conducive to speed as those of our craft, but they are certainly more on the legitimate canoe order. There is no reason why the New York Canoe Club should not secure several English entries for the race next year. What with yachting, canoeing, rowing, and polo, it would indeed be a year of international sport.



CHALLENGE CHESS CUP.
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There remain yet a few words before winding up the football season. As it is impossible to make extended comment on the work of the Southern elevens as they deserve, a table of scores will be interesting to all Southern readers of this department.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Score.	
					For.	Against.
Univ. North Carolina	6	5	1	0	196	30
University of Virginia	5	3	1	1	110	48
Sewanee	6	4	1	1	136	64
Va. Military Institute	4	3	0	1	104	12
Wake Forest	4	3	0	1	54	18
Vanderbilt	8	4	4	0	136	102
Trinity	4	1	3	0	40	110
Auburn	3	1	2	0	32	100
Washington and Lee	4	1	3	0	12	70
Georgia Technology	3	1	2	0	22	52
Richmond College	3	0	3	0	6	64
University of Tennessee	5	0	5	0	10	108

The University of Virginia is the Southern champion by an agreement made at Atlanta before the second game with the University of North Carolina, that the result of that game was not to affect the title. There is no football league in the South, but on the 28th delegates from representative colleges will meet at Richmond to form a Southern Intercollegiate Association in both baseball and football, to be governed by the rules in force at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania.

Even far-off New Orleans is taking up the game, and appears to have a number of Eastern college football men who have settled in the city. A team under the Southern Athletic Club colors has recently been organized, and a great match is to be played on New-Year's eve with a team from Birmingham, Alabama. On the New Orleans team I find T. L. and Hugh Bayne, former Yale players; A. D. Parker and William Barkley, Princeton; E. McIlhenay, Lehigh; and B. F. Bivins, Annapolis. And thus the game spreads.

Speaking of Annapolis, the West Point football enthusiasts would do well to profit by the example set by the naval cadets in holding a class football championship, and offering medals for individual excellence in kicking.

Recently a series of class contests has been held, in which the first class came out victorious. In addition the Naval Auxiliary Athletic Association offered three silver medals for the best drop, place, and punt kickers. Cadet Bagley, of third class, the full back of the academy team, won the drop kick by four goals out of five, from the thirty-yard line. Cadet Littlefield, of the fourth class, won the place kick by three straight goals, at an angle of forty-five degrees, from the twenty-yard line; and Izard, third class, and the half back of the academy team, made the longest punt.

These competitions and class games are the best possible means of encouraging men to better work, and developing green material. They are greatly relied on to bring out men at the colleges, and can be turned to the same advantage at Annapolis and West Point. They have had nothing of this sort, I believe, at West Point, and it would do their players great good.

Of the athletic club football teams, those of the Crescent Athletic Club and Boston Athletic Association are so much ahead of their rivals that the wonder is they did not meet to decide which is the better. Especially interesting would have been such a game, since each had defeated that aggregation of stars which came East under the Chicago Athletic Club colors. Both the Crescent A. C. and Boston A. A. teams were composed chiefly of ex-college players, and the work of each showed good handling. The Boston team derived its best practice from Harvard, while the Crescents had Yale, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania to meet, and they put up a good game against one and all. I have commented before on the exceptionally and consistently good showing of the Crescents. Year after year they have met the college teams and made them play, notwithstanding the fact that the members of their team are business men with but little time to give up to football. Harry Beecher's work as captain and player reached the same high standard he set long ago. The elevens of the Orange, New York, and Manhattan athletic clubs were much below the Crescents in team as well as in individual work. The Orange, next to the Crescents, made the best showing, and managed to hold its team together, while the New-Yorks had hard luck, and the Manhattans changed the *personnel* so often as to preclude team-work. No one of them was a match for the Crescents.

As in the Harvard-Yale game, so in the Thanksgiving-day match, we saw what is certainly the coming—if not already here—great evil of the American football game, namely, the preponderance of mass interference. When interference was first made legal, umpires were very strict in their rulings upon wedges, and the locking of arms or the placing the hands upon the player next in front was ruled a foul just as soon as an opponent threw himself against the extended arm. This is without question a perfectly tenable stand to take, and is upheld not only by the letter of the law, but by the spirit in which it is taken in every other play upon the field. And yet the umpire who would so rule upon the ordinary wedge-play of to-day would be laughed to scorn.

For all that, the Advisory Committee and the Association will be obliged, and within the next year, to either enforce such a ruling, or else make new laws which shall tend to diminish the value and hence the prevalence of this mass-playing. It is scientific, true; but it is uninteresting to the spectator, and, still worse, is very hard, not upon the players who mass, but upon the men against whom the massing is performed. They can, in their turn, mass when they have the ball; but it is always several men against a few, and the danger of injury is increased tenfold. Moreover, this preponderance of mass-playing, of which the various wedges are varieties, is putting too great a premium on brute strength. It is making the question of "beef" of too much consideration, and it must in time seriously hamper, if not retard altogether, the scientific progress of the game.

There was a theory advanced a year or two ago, which fortunately met with little response from players, to the effect that the rush lines should be separated by some feet or yards on a down. This would have brought mass or wedge playing at once into the most grotesque importance, as is even now evidenced by the fact that hardly a team thinks for a moment of playing anything but mass-work upon all occasions, such as kick off, kick out, and fair catch, when the two lines are separated by a distance of clear space. Every time the lines are separated a premium is placed upon wedge-work, and such a premium as no captain can afford to ignore.

Referring to press criticisms on the delayed distribution by the University Athletic Club of tickets for the Yale-Princeton game, it is only fair to the committee in charge to publish that the difficulty in securing a correct diagram of the stands, etc., was accountable for the check in the otherwise smooth working.

The University Athletic Club in this game made its presence felt for the first time as a factor in college sport. There is a great future for this club as a balance-wheel in all college sport, and in all discussions pertaining to general athletics. The University Athletic Club, in fact, stands as the only sponsor for clean honest sport in America. We have long since ceased to regard the Amateur Athletic Union in such a light. It is shameful to acknowledge that outside of the colleges competitive amateur athletics exist chiefly in name.

Contrary to the supposition of many younger college men, the University A. C. membership is not made up entirely of "the older set." It is a club for youth and progression, and it wants every man of brains interested in the cause of pure sport, so soon as he gets his degree, to knock at its doors. And it is well equipped to cater to the material as well as the mental comfort of such men. It has all the necessary appliances for exercise and muscle-making in a well-ventilated gymnasium, two racquet-courts, a bowling-alley, a running-track, lounging-rooms, boxing and fencing masters, and a *chef* who has no superior in clubdom. The growth of the club is as deserved as it has been rapid.

The League of American Wheelmen Racing Board calmly discussing the question of giving *money* prizes to *amateur* racing cyclists, and the advisability of instituting a "makers' amateur class," is refreshingly audacious in these times of intrigue in all departments of amateur sport. Just how huge a farce is the amateur in racing cycling the uninitiated reader may realize from the matter-of-fact way in which the daily papers and league officials talk about allowing the racers to receive some remuneration from the manufacturers. And just how big a humbug the L.A.W. is may be known from its unofficial statement that keeping up this "semi-professional class" will not interfere with their amateur races.

This scheme reminds me of the one propounded a year or so ago by a gentleman, then prominent in athletic legislative circles, to establish a class of semi-professional sluggers, *viz.*, to pay them money, but allow them to box under amateur rules and remain amateurs! There were really no amateur sluggers in those days; every one of them received money under cover; and there are no prominent racing cyclists to-day who are *bona fide* amateurs. Of course there may be, and are, undoubtedly, some honorable exceptions, but I speak of what is generally known as the racer. These men are all professionals at heart and professionals in fact. They are already being paid by manufacturers, and the Racing Board of the L.A.W., too cowardly to turn them out of the amateur ranks, seeks now to justify its inactivity by creating a special class for them.

That such a recognized class of semi-professionals, so called, would irredeemably ruin the sport of cycle-racing is too patent to waste space in argument. There is no such creature as a semi-professional. An amateur is one who receives no pecuniary gain directly or indirectly from his athletic prowess; all others are professionals.

Caspar W. Whitney.

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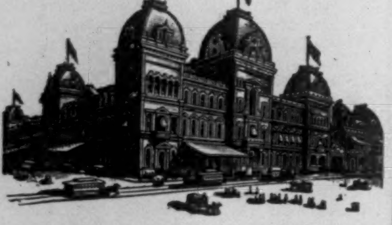

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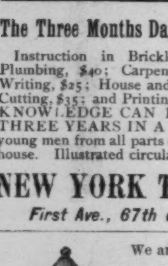

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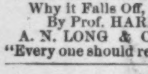

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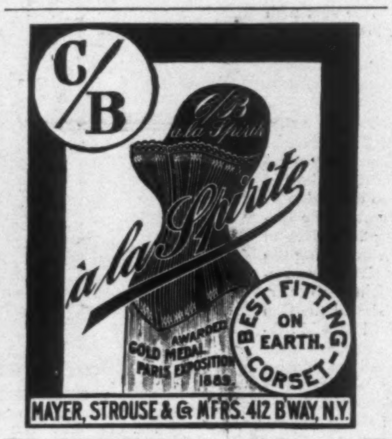
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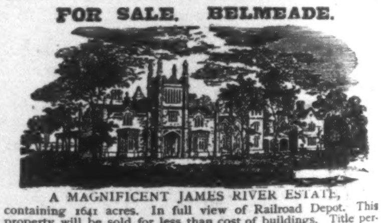

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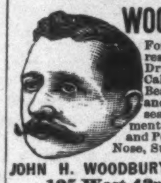

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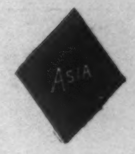

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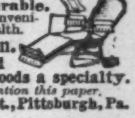

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